

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1992 • \$2.50

WHITE
PEOPLE

THE TROUBLE WITH AMERICA



OBSESSION

FOR MEN

Calvin Klein

COLOGNE

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Esquire

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Made from
even to under,
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L.A. special: The Spindicator is on!*



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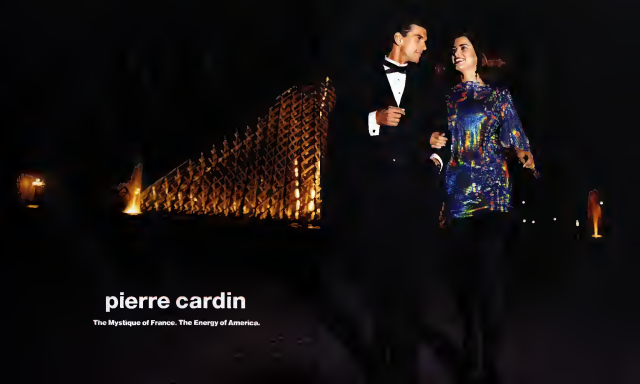
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A man in a black tuxedo with a white shirt and bow tie stands next to a woman wearing a vibrant, multi-colored sequined dress. They are both smiling and looking at each other. In the background, the Louvre Pyramid is brightly lit with warm golden lights, creating a strong contrast with the dark night sky. The overall mood is romantic and elegant.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

JFK, the Letters

BEAHNS TO REJECT SAM AMSON for a truly outstanding piece of writing on Oliver Stone's new movie about JFK's assassination ("The Shooting of JFK," November 1994). Amson did a superb job of documenting why we may never know who really killed Kennedy. The press, to be sure, has failed in contemporary memory for the "latter failure" is that of the American people, who have not demanded that our system work and that justice be served.

—MARC KASSER
Minneapolis, Minn.



I ATTENDED A MOBILE HOME by which Oliver Stone's JFK was produced. When the premiere ended, the auto was burst into flames, suggesting the story that was to go away a little to be heard for ever. Robert Kennedy's story suggests that there is a conspiratorial devotion to discredit and conspiracy built and the selfish pursuit of a questionable Vietnam. There may be the cause of premature criticism. Maybe it's just Robert Kennedy's heavy southern accent.

—BRIAN BROWNE
San Francisco, Calif.

MY FATHER, WHO ON the Warren Commission Panel in that he had helped defend several people under dual attack by the House Un-American Activities Committee. He was wrongfully accused of being a communist on the floor of Congress. I grew up aware of the power of abusive politicians and demagogues. But real power can be wielded by the left as well as the right. I find it most impossible that a listening experience like Oliver Stone could just himself off as a concerned, thoughtful writer of truth than that a disturbed young man could take his rifle into work and, acting alone, kill a charismatic young president. I urge any student interested in the assassination to find a copy of the Commission's report and read it. And to learn about Jim Garrison, just look at the old newspaper accounts of his brutal attack on Clay Shaw.

—ED REEDMAN
West Hollywood, Calif.

A S THE CASE of Jim Garrison's book, *On the Trail of the Assassins*, and in its coverage of JFK, I feel obliged to respond to Robert Sam Amson's misleading report on the former New Orleans D.A. Rather than dropping up their unsubstantiated claims once again and adding one of his own (the prosecution claims that Garrison was somehow responsible for the press conspiracy was failed to investigate the assassination), Amson ought to be thanking Jim Garrison for having the guts to stand up against the enormous power of the federal government, to conduct his investigation as best he could under difficult circumstances, and to uncover facts that helped point to a vast majority of Americans that we have been lied to about the murder of our President.

—ZACHARY BRILL
New York, N.Y.

THERE MAY BE MANY THINGS ONE could criticize Oliver Stone for, but he sticks out his neck and his film presents America's most tender spots. Stone's honesty and courage in his search for the truth of Vietnam makes him not an expert but an angry and earnest member for truth.

—JOE R. MENDENHALL
New York, N.Y.

Young Love?

I JUST FINISHED READING Michael Angelo's "Sean Young, One There Where the Young Don't Run" (November 1994) and on my map checking. I have always enjoyed this talented actress's performance but the article and her reported eccentric conduct give me the impression that Sean Young has experienced great frustration regarding her self personally. She seems too anxious and nervous to explain away all the comments of her, honesty and sincerity about her.

—MARIA MARTIN
Pomona Park, Ohio

SEAN YOUNG GAINED James Woods's personal to his thigh, and then after their violently sexual, washed her well by telling the world he's better off with a smaller

one. Then she went on to tell Warren Beatty "a little better." Leno lost or not, a smart man (sorry, Rob Leno) would be prudent to keep his distance from her.

—TOM CHERRIERA
Knifield, Calif.

Heavenly Missives

STAYAWAY TO HEAVEN: "Is This the Goodbye Song of All Time?" by Karen Karbi (November 1994)—the answer is yes! It marked the defining moment when the true musicians of hard rock, like Jimi Hendrix, Eric Clapton, and Jimmy Page, finally cut the umbilical cord to traditional rock 'n' roll. For a truly unique version of "Stairway to Heaven," check out Frank Zappa's live jazz version from *The Best Band You Never Heard in Your Life*.

—JIM WALLACE
San Francisco, Calif.

WITH "STAYAWAY TO HEAVEN," JEN assaulted us. I could not comprehend why it was a hit. Its lyrics and even much of an arrangement defied listening, much less hoping the damn thing. Yet how alone I felt. My peers loved it. Seventeen years later a man I was among quickly snuggled off the radio when the loveliest notes of "Stairway" began. I married the guy. One of our dearest, fondest companions is taking us the dad to one who'll be the first to face out the world's worst song. Oh, yes, your road isn't starting again.

—DELA BEECH-GILGOLLEY
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Final Cut

MALEXANDRO MORALES ("My Sex, the Devil," November 1994) was amazing, at least it was recently described the sex life of the current in sexual. No one who has had his insides removed prior to puberty has a normal sex life. My advice to all aspiring male surgeons who are contemplating an alternative is simply this: Think long and hard.

—R. P. DUBOIS
Merrimack, N.J.

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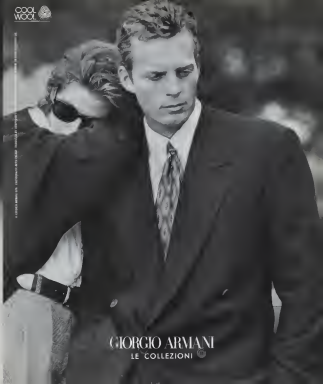


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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

GENERATIONS OF political journalists have taken you behind the scenes to show you the secret machinations of a modern-day campaign. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Teddy White, Joe McGinnis, to name just a few.



Richard Ben Cramer

20. By Contributing Editor RICHARD BEN CRAMER, is our second excerpt from his book *What's Taking It* (to be published by Random House in May), a harrowing, historically important account of the 1980 presidential race.

Cramer, a Pulitzer prize-winning journalist, says that Bush has not been running as seriously as it was four years ago, but the President has sought his white life as he "longed for the man" and now is going to knock him off a early. With or without his "teller" who runs, the strategy is the end, same from George Bush.

21. In "Charlie Manson from the White" (page 20), IRAN SCHWARTZ plots the world of another famous man who, more than twenty years after the Tate, LaBianca murders, became a prisoner and companion as ever. A reporter like the Village Voice for four years, Schwartz says he "learned to appreciate Manson for what he is, but I wouldn't want to be on his parole board."

To probe the heavy metal band Slayer ("Five out of Five Kids Who Kill Love Slayer," page 24) MICK RAZOR attended four concerts in five days. "My hearing wasn't too great to begin with," he says now, "but the hearing has stopped." And between the doctors and the word, my hair—if I had any—would have blown off my head." He says, "Slayer is remarkably down there."

Slayer has been described as a professional basketball court in 1991. Larry Bird has refused to wear the jersey of the Great White Hope that may have been given for him to carry. In "The Brother from Another Planet" (page 10) CHARLES F. FORTY looks

at the Celtics not just as an icon of "white boy" basketball, but as a poor guy who watched his game after the bar black players. A long time back, watch, Prince covered him as a sports columnist at the Boston Herald and The National.

In his Esquire debut, JAMES KAMATA style drama

reminds where America is "The Problem with You People" (page 26) Kamata, who worked at Time for six years, says that even "in look as social attitudes today as to open yourself up to the experience of being a racist." He is the author of *Imagined Blue* (Simon), an account of his relationship with his father and their love as black men.



Robert Stone

Robert Stone's "Our Lady of the Revolution" (page 24) is taken from his 1981 novel, *Charlie's Rock*, which will be published by Ticknor & Fields next month. To match the book, which centers on an around-the-world taking race, Stone does it only on the manuscript he learned in the 1980s. Most of the novel is based on the Navy. Rather he served on a charter boat for the last three or four years. Stone is also the author of *Children of Light* and *A Flag for Sorrow*.

LARRY SCHWARTZ has a creepy little secret: the subscribers to the New Yorker, a magazine for humanistic writers. Who better, then, to profile Nobel laureate author William S. Burroughs and movie director David Cronenberg, who is bringing Burroughs's hallucinatory masterpiece to the screen ("Which Is the Fly and Which Is the Human" page 24) Schwartz, who is a contributing editor at New York Women, says proudly that "nothing can go on out."

When Contributing Editor STANLEY BRONFMAN first took, for which came out two years ago, we gave it a "short love story." Now, with the long-awaited publication of the last business book since *The Organized Men*, (Bronfman's) we are making good with "Hillford, a business promotion" (Bronfman's) in *Core Book* (published this month by William Morrow & Co.), the remarkable (to say nothing of unusual) Bronfman goes as the president of townships in the Arctic of the American west ("The Case, Finding, and Potential Destruction of the Policy," page 24). It isn't pretty. "Anyone who reads *Core Book* will understand why Stanley Bronfman is a paragon," he says. "I like my job and I intend to keep it." Bronfman, who graduated from the Harvard Business School in 1961, is, of course, a millionaire, but one thing is certain: He is an Esquire man. Our words: "A



John Lasser



Lynn Swann



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FEBRUARY 1991

The New Barry Levinson Show

Levinson is an innovation that promises you to be entertained in your living room by people you wouldn't have in your home. — DAVID FISHER

THE FILMMAKER BARRY Levinson was having lunch in a Manhattan restaurant not long after his hit *Bugsy* premiered. He talked about the presidential candidates, and all at the table agreed that none seemed particularly impressive. It reminded Levinson of a piece of work he had done years ago. Back then, Levinson was a struggling stand-up comic and television writer. This was long before his

Quincy (Sam Men) and his Los Angeles Film Critics Awards (*Bugsy*). He was working on *The Levinson and Family Show*, a raucous comedy/satire hour that roared locally in L.A. He was a lowly writer-performer making stry a week. He dreamed of making movies, but for the moment, at least, he was having some laughs. He worked on bits like "Doctors and Vikings," a skit in which he and the show's other regulars dressed in white hospital coats and spoofed medical jargon at a big guy in blind brads and a horned helmet. What was funny was the absurdity of it all, and the audience loved it. The bit ran maybe 10 seconds. Then Levinson came up with "Lunatics and Pigs," which called for the same cast to bustle with a piglet with piglets tucked under their arms. But a minute or two before air time, when Levinson and the others went to pick up their piglets, a

because that just how absurd things were going to get. Instead of pink, lovable little piglets, the prop people had come up with fat, stinky, hand-dug pound hogs, real porkers. Levinson had to greet you to get his particular hog off the ground. The audience went wild from the first "Four horns, may we approach the bench?" The actor couldn't believe it, even as they struggled with their hogs and delivered their lines.

"Objection!"
"Objection, objection!"
"Overruled!"
"Objection!"

When the hogs reacted to the howling laughter by snorting in the arms of the already frantic actors, the audience lost it completely, some literally rolling in the aisles. The producers, who had scheduled the bit for a couple of minutes, let it run for close to fifteen. Good television, and something to think about in light of the series of televised debates that presidential campaign season.

Those are treacherous times. The economy is falling off a cliff. A endless litany over the country like a dreadlocked blacklist. And yet the candidates mouth predictable and surprising solutions to the country's massive problems. Perhaps they are handicapped by the absurdity of their situation, trying to distinguish themselves from a pack of look-alikes. Perhaps they need a little help from Barry Levinson.

"What America needs is lower taxes."
"What America needs is jobs."
"What America needs is a new spirit."
Tomorrow. —T.M.



Barry Levinson: A Leg by Gary Browne
Levinson: Miller Gallery, New York City

MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

NEW PAGES

The Two Faces of Sam

In *Pump Up the Volume*, her first film, music, poetry, dance, drugs. Christian Slater to Harvardian house of an-the-er, unadorned naturalism. Eventually, his mouth bleeds into Slater to his Arizona race home (a considerably less aggressive without a microphone in his hand) strips off his shirt, and dances with him there (in the diner, right, Slater, arms, putting discolored Mads—surely, like a young woman's upper body looked so naked or so now that the camera they about an increase in take away the knowing, near-forgotten or not—and you're left with a more girl, which is what Mads plays with with devastating subtlety in her performance. *Nine* (Lipson's emotional debut) In *This Is My Life*, Mads clings around New York City in a leazy wisser can looking like an subway stand street pedlar (She's actively passed off at her number, John Krasner, who has temporarily ground the lowly m's but for mind up-comedy mads.) In just two movies, Mads has really split the two.

NYMPH ON HERB: Sometimes Mads has a both ways

girl persona into repeating ideal and a suggest but he has affecting melody. As far as life, she says, but is more like than Vol. one but that's a playfulness and a boldness in the twenty-one-year-old actress that makes you wonder "I think we all have the potential to be a star at a viral killer," she says "It's just what we choose to live out."

—JOSEPH HOOVER

THE FRINGE

Rap Messiah

WHITE PEOPLE AND RAP—SO far it just hasn't panned out. What we got was white boys trying to be "blacks." But now, from the heart of Texas comes MC po P. Jones, who raps about, ah, pastured schizophrenia. Behind the mic is Mark Goffin, a goateed white guy with a nasal voice: Welcome to My Dream, his latest record, is a trip into what might be narrowly termed a rock mind. His world is populated by anarchists, working-stuff losers, and everyday guys who have an urge to, well, kill—inspire a bunch of Jim Thompson characters running around in a slasher film to a beat. The frightening part? Every story is told in first person. ■



MOTORING

One for a Million

IT'S THE FAMILIAR, BMW's rear grille that keeps the face of Giorgio's Nimble M12 from being that of just another Italian dream car, that makes it seem somehow attainable. With sleek side scoops in its carbon body and seven wings in its glass top, it is one of the most beautiful cars Giorgio—the most prolific car designer alive—has ever done. In 1976, his firm Pininfarina created the BMW M1—a classic combination of Italian mechanics and Italian styling. With the Nimble, Giorgio wants to repeat the act, combining the 3.0-liter horsepower V12 that sits under the hood of the 1991 with the rugged body that is a work of art. Problem is, there's still just one, and it's presented as a Japanese businessman for the price of a major Impressionist work. To attain your own, well, five, call Pininfarina in Milan and ask, hey, demand that they figure out how to make another fifty a year. That might bring the exorbitant down close to that of a Chevrolet or Testarossa. ■

WAGG: German in the woods, Italian on the outside, a real work of art

FILM

Cheap Eats

IF YOU CAN STILL afford the takes, there's restaurant-very fun to be had at Delicatessen, a minutely wacky French comedy about a black future in which immigrant foods people into-gasp—cosmopolitan is called. Delicatessen became the voice of the week in several up. Karl Thoma-style, by a happy band, but the group is much more benign. Screened told then goes *Blade Runner*. The movie's plot involves a goofy cosmic per-

forms who arrives on the scene and sets the tone of the house's wide-eyed laughter, all the while avoiding confrontation into corporate. Then there are those people in the sewers who eat only vegetables and murder a slapstick result on the carnivorous crowd. The movie, a fun case of lies by Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, has been a cult item in Paris, where they take their prides.

SWAN, DANCE: Confines among the rats

very seriously, it opens here that month from the modern comic scene in French movies. *Chick* (Crisp, as the musician) Remember that most contemporary can lead to heart disease. ■





JOHN MARIANI Eat and Run

Chow, Babe

EVEN IF IT MAY BE reprehensible to a social philosopher, but it's not such a bad idea when it comes to Italian restaurants. Growing up in a food culture eating dishes refined over centuries, and understanding the importance of a seasonal leader are essential to all ethnic cookery—Italian, French, Mexican, or Chinese. For the curious appetite for trendy cuisines is being fueled by an awful lot of entrepreneurs who wouldn't know bruschetta from bruschetta if it came up and hit them on the pants.

The dining scene is going like this. You come up with a really name like *Social* or *Stella*, and a chef with a name like Ted Richards off to Italy for three weeks. Then an architect who also happens to import Vermont glass, and ends up a menu full of gourmet canapés like goat cheese and smoked salmon pizza, terracotta with sautéed white shoulders, risotto, and duck breasts. These chefs never bother to master a true Bolognaise egg, make Italian staples like lasagna (oh god), and never understand why risotto with asparagus should be made only in the spring.

There are, of course, some wonderful new Italian chefs doing authentic Italian cuisine. Post Schumann of Chicago's Vivian, Mark Brouman of Cape Town in New York, and George German and Johannes Kiffner of Al Porto in Providence, to name a few. But too many others still believe Italian food is something really mastered from a recipe book and a quick trip abroad.

If you wish to eat in this country the way the Italians eat in Italy the best place to start is in New York. None is a region of Italy, and there's a restaurant in New York that replicates its cuisine well (Italy's *Ammore*), Piedmont (Jardens), Abruzzo (El Melmo), Aosta Adige (Felix), Campania (Pasta di Tuscany), Sicily's *Veneto* (Bella), even the cooking of the Roman Jewish ghetto (L'Espresso).

At the polished and sophisticated *Falstaff* (143 East Fifty-ninth Street) Felix and Lulu Baccanich feature the signature meat cooking of their native Lazio, including spicciotto (the leg), a wedding-day roast made with

sausage, fennel, lemon, salt and dark meat, a sautéed-and-braised soup called *zuppa*, and fillet of venison in bordel.

Some of the greatest most delicious Roman cuisine anywhere is to be found at *Stanzetta*'s (110 East Fifty-ninth Street), a highly, very personal trattoria where Emilio Forzi delights in serving plates of lasagna with radicchio and rosemary melting pig, and the best plate in the city as he washed down with a delicious array of his own fruit grappa. If you wish to sample the most sophisticated northern Italian cuisine, book a table at *Il Rustico* (141 Central Park West), where you'll be dazzled by dishes like risotto with meat, porcini, truffle, and sautéed mushrooms and Italian desserts that outpace most that you'll find in Italy.

And if you're still searching for the best pizza in America, head for *Mario's* (1112 Arthur Avenue) in the Bronx, which has been a hangout for the New York Yankees since 1919.

In L.A., the standard bearer for both traditional and innovative Italian menus is *Valentino* (1115 Pico Boulevard), where Piero Sella, owner and chef Angelo Accardi never run out of about the hundreds of pizzas, one house with prosciutto, and grilled salmon, marinated in balsamic vinegar and served with fresh tomato. Valentino also has one of the great wine lists in the country. Downstate in the elegant *Rose* (212 South Olive Street) set in a landmark art deco building, owner Mauro Vincenzi lavishes his guests with lasagna with cipoli and perfectly delicious risotto with real ginseng with butter and sage. Vincent's more casual trattoria, *Pizzeria* (233 North La Grange Boulevard) is one of my very favorites for busy dates like people of

MULTICULINARYISM BY ARNOLD ROTH



people of a broad-and-bustling soup or meat soups of rabbit with olives, all served in an enormous dining room decorated with art by Rembrandt, Chagall, and Picasso.

I'm also enchanted by the simple menu cooking of *Amore Mio* Trattoria at *Locanda Venezia* (1045 West Third Street) and his new hot spot *Go/Wine* (145 South La Brea Avenue) local soup with duck, confit in gorgonzola sauce, and lamb chops with truffle and wild mushrooms sauce.

Washington D.C. has two of the best cuisines of the moment. *Il Rustico* (1101 New Hampshire Street, NW) which serves the traditional but trendy food of Tuscany (Chef Francesco Rucchi's oven-roasted meats are fabulous), and *Garden* (1101 Twenty-first Street, NW), where Ruben Dore's menu reflects and respects the seasons. His pan-fried risotto with black truffles and his creamy lobster risotto are sublime. ■

City Slickers

THESE BLUE MEN are Blue Man, the New York performance group that specializes in making minicinema out of high art and vice versa. Blue Man's latest show, *Tides*, at the Astor Place Theater indefinitely, twists pop-culture imagery to its own designs, whether that means deconstructing fish, spitting paint onto canvases, or rhythmically munching Cap'n Crunch. The slickers they're wearing come from the Reliable Outerwear Company, a fledgling outfit whose primary directive is to deliver hip, coated-cotton long coats and rain slickers for under \$125. Retailers snatched up the collection immediately, so it's available now at shops around the country. With all the splattering Blue Man does, those slickers are a good idea for potential audience members, too. Remember, firemen and fishermen have been splattering themselves in them for years. And when you think about it, in the truest postmodern spirit, Reliable actually one-upped Blue Man. It deconstructed the traditional rain slicker by changing nothing at all.

POST-MODERN SOREN: Blue Man—left, Phil Sussman, Chris Webb, Matt Goldman—looks up a mass of postmodern blues.

SAUL LOEB



This is a rodent. It runs but never gets anywhere. It will never know the joy of darting through woods and meadows while fast-moving clouds race across a blue sky. It will live its entire life in a box. It doesn't have a choice.



Fortunately, you are not a rodent.



NIKE

ACG

KURT LUDER *Off the Charts*

I Spent a Week There the Other Night



I'M STICKING WITH THEM

Like Tucker rocks on and for the just one in twenty years so does a certain Velvet Underground. (from left, Max Sterling, Morrison, Lou Reed and John Cale 1966)

MORE ROCKERS (New York, French import) it's rare enough for the soul-drenched melodies of a middle-aged woman's domestic existence and her dead-end blue-collar life to be directly exposed in any popular medium. To hear a class clown the content of a rock 'n' roll record is really extraordinary, one, virtuous, un-sunged, sang, and produced by the woman herself—in a major amusement. From 1971, to age, Maureen Tucker—"Ma" to her friends and so rock history—played drums with the Velvet Underground, a New York group of anonymous figures that sold very few records and con-

tinued to inspire young kinds and songwriters to this day. The Velvets collapsed in 1973, and Tucker—unconcerned in her own life—went on to any other group—dropped out, had kids, moved south, and such days as she did the other day of doing shift work and spin-outs, house work, and so on. Now in her sixties, she lives in Georgia, several spiritual life miles down from the acid-soaked glens of her musical youth. Fortunately, a small part of the Velvets' very special magic lives on with her.

Tucker released a few little low-budget records in the 1970s, but that time out, she finally un-sunged the one of the original Velvet back into a New York studio—for the first time in more than twenty years—to lend their legendary hands an added

touch. The core band for the sessions, elegantly endorsed by two Velvet scripts, drummer Victor DeLeonno and bassist Brian Ruckes of the Velvet (formerly) is right and fresh, and when New York, John Cale, or Sterling Morrison step into the picture—either individually or all together, as on the magnificently lounge "Tin Pan"—the chemistry sings very much in of your mind.

That, definitely, is Ma Tucker's record, though, and a huge life with those of "Tin Pan" off. Panned off the record and I'm stuck! The music, as might be expected, encompasses both fearless song aggression and a purring folk-rock lyricism, and the life she elaborates has a challenging history of it—on "Sons" in the bookish, women's top class

and got a neck and forth with a dance? She's been [TET pay rent all the day that I did... that's my shot of the American pie?] and she's around it's too late to escape [I need to get in your] and to have a double, some it's just a year? The picture itself down the road a piece, on a porch, "rock back and rock forth" My days and nights will drink right behind it just rock and roll over and the "There's more than options and

try to this record, however Tucker also owns an exquisitely balanced smattering of the Velvets classic "Tin Waiting for the Blue" and a wonderfully Velvety, laid-out version of the Crysis "Then We Found Me" (with John Cale adding elegant rock). And one of the album's loveliest tracks is an audience-favorite (re)written with Jim Turner and lead with Sterling Morrison's luminous (re)written (re)written about the vanished Cheyenne nation, whose people are and have to have been "pinned to Chrysler." The back story (pilot high scale or pot, stone, lead, gold) is all due Cheyenne cannibalism (the Indians and the great ones, sliding through the grass under a sky that were blue all the way to Canada) "This is a song that can choose you for reasons you can't personally give down."

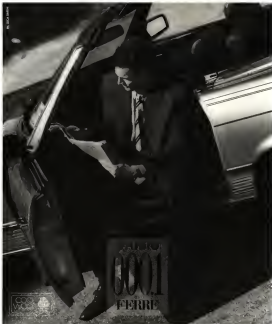
Tucker's warm, intimate artistry deserves an audience. (A US distributor would help.) In addition, the record makes sense a question that now seems more pressing than ever: Why doesn't the Velvet Underground just make, make an album of its own, and naturally because the life she elaborates has a challenging history of it—on "Sons" in the bookish, women's top class

With, boyed M

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PATHOLOGICAL ART. William Vollmann, searching for truth and beauty in San Francisco's Tenderloin district.

BOOKS

The Strange Case of William Vollmann

IT COULD HAVE been worse. In William Vollmann's novel *When It Glows*, the hero, an aspiring novelist named Jimmy wanders the Tenderloin district of San Francisco, collecting scenes and sensual details from street hookers in order to look out his window, steady victim of true love, Glens. There is one quirky moment early in the novel when Vollmann looks at his rooming on the edge of American Fork. Jimmy recalls plans how Glens might look as embodied on his bed from the backed limbs of his whose friends, but he quickly returns to more operational activity—Glens as “a shy golden looting

upon the smoke from cigarettes.” Vollmann says he decided against the more-murderous scene after reading newspaper accounts of real-life prostitutes. “It didn’t seem that they had fulfilled themselves,” he says. Not everyone appreciates such surrealism. Vollmann says he was giving a reading from *When It Glows*, supplementing his tale with photographs of abandoned graffiti and the sort of things, which a few women in the audience took exception. “I felt they were vulgarities crying for the ink,” he says. Glens a woman who had evidently been crying again, and Vollmann figured he was done for, except that she also

called herself as a former prostitute and thanked him for his honesty. “I really didn’t care too much what she first seemed through,” Vollmann says. “I was just taking the truth.”

And what is this truth for thirty-two-year-old Californian writer about there with us? On denials, it’s a pungent, fast, pick-off-the-hoosier sort of truth that has everything to do with the lonely honesty of male lust and nothing to do with its male solidarity outside the narrow economy or for the more, with what most people would call relationships. That said, let’s add the Vollmann women beautifully and with his own sort of moral compass. His identification with the disappointed goes beyond voyeurism whether his subject is the whores of the Tenderloin or the naive people of North America about whom he is writing in a proposed seven-volume dream history of the continent. (The first volume, *The Ice-berg*, is out.)

Vollmann will admit that he finds the women not so bad, but he says, “What he really is the outline of people who work in offices. It’s heartbreaking for me to see that.” There’s a real, real Christian will to work in him. The only demand are the

America on the Make

CITIZENS OF AN oriental country. American consumer wonder just what it is that binds us together. Contradictions hold that we are a nation of laws, demographers that we are a nation of immigrants. Phil Baran has come up with the sexually rejecting nation that what we really are is a nation of things. In *Made in U.S.A.* (Doubt, Widenfeld), Baran traces the evolution of distinctly American things. He is a kind of Mr. Nobody of relevant information about, among other things, trains, planes and rubber plumbing. (It was railroad forced the creation of time zones, which couldn’t run on time if people couldn’t agree what time it was.) Whether you read the book as a statement of culture or a Ripley’s Believe

It is or Not of American know-how (did you know that clothing can come out of the Civil War?), *Made in U.S.A.* will be a wild

and useful tale, how a bunch of shrewd artists and businessmen/brokers devised the things that made America. **H**

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their rooms would say. So for anywhere from an hour to two days, they attempt to replicate that same warm, comfortable and often euphoric feeling from the

called Vacuum Tube League and Scientific Fidelity, from Cary Audio Designs in North Carolina from Jacks in Phoenix, from Air Tight in Japan.

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them, topped in gold, linked by pure silver solder—no random like misprints on a Neophem sheath, avoiding meaningless bifurcation.




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PAUL SCHNEIDER House Hunting

The Durango Homestead



BEARINGS: The rock is on for good living, great fishing, good schools (that don't send kids) and an endless view of natural forest outside town.

THE PLACE: Will Rogers over sold Durango to out of the way and proud of it. And it is, although there are daily flights to Denver, Albuquerque, and Phoenix, and a narrow-gauge railroad to Silverton, which really is out of the way. But since 1970 the population of Durango, Colorado, has grown to persons, up to a hefty 13,450, while La Plata County is up 78 percent, to 30,874. The newest newcomers even have a new moniker: "highly exposed" from California and the East, come to trade their overpopulated suburban palaces for some quality living. Often they bring their job—most would be happier without a real estate agent if it's possible to get serious phone lines in Durango.

THE ARCHITECTURE: The quintessential property is a little Victorian on the historic area centered around the Boulevard, as Third Avenue is called. Most owners, shopkeepers, and school managers built these highly decorated houses at the turn of the century, when the railroad brought cheap, factory-made trim and fixtures west. The silver-lined option is a contemporary mix of town with a never house, log or otherwise, and a big view: mountains in otherwise

THE MARKET: At any given time there are perhaps 100 little Victorians for sale on the Boulevard itself, three listed houses in a plot. If you're willing to wait, a small fixer-up on a small lot on a side street may come on the market for \$100,000. But a more reasonable starting price is \$120,000. Large and fancier—more current, more listed—houses in the \$250,000 range. The biggest Victorian in town, a restored seven-thousand-square-foot masterpiece, is listed for a whopping \$500,000. (It was built in 1914 by a hardware-store owner for his bride from back east who arrived on the train spent one night in Durango and boarded the next day's train west.)

Of course, prices run from \$100 to \$500,000. For obvious reasons, expect to pay a premium for land abutting the San Juan National Forest and for the convenience of a road into the place. House and lots are scarce.

SPIRIT ALERT: In 1990, four new subdivisions with a total of 714 units and two new golf courses were approved in and around Durango.

THE OUTLOOK: The number of sales in the third quarter of 1990 was 26 percent higher than in 1989. The average price of a home is up some 6.5 percent from last year, although real estate agents minimize the value of Victorians up by more like 15 percent.

Meanwhile, small and medium-size businesses are diversifying the economic base. Rooms or studios include Yari Cycles, Rip West, the Rocky Mountain Chocolate Factory, and Campbell Scale Models, world's leading producer of miniature railroad trains.

HAVE WE GOT CULTURE? In addition to the usual museum symphonies, operas and theater productions of college towns everywhere, there's the world famous Durango Pro Rodeo. *For more on*

THE LISTING

Four-bedroom Victorian on the Boulevard. The best of glass and high ceilings are original. One-car garage. Rental units are not—expect to spend \$100 each to reduce the house to its 1990 single-family status. Annual taxes, \$1,200. Asking, \$240,000. Source: The Wells Group



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The Strange, Sad Death of Max Cantor

THE FIRST time I saw Max Cantor was in the summer of 1989. He was wandering around Tompkins Square Park on Manhattan's Lower East Side with a microcassette recorder, trying to interview the local squatters, punks, and anarchists about where to buy the best pot, and was there really a church in the East Village that worships psychedelic drugs? (Of course. Near question.) Max looked too dapper to be a nerd, dressed in a paisley shirt and tan vest over pleated trousers. But who else goes around the Lower East Side querying people about their drug habits? When he asked me why nobody would talk to him, I remember thinking, *This guy is doing for me.*

Cantor persevered, however, and eventually convinced locals to talk about their lives. Maybe people trusted him because of his naiveté. Respectably handsome, he had the kind of dogged curiosity that could drag a story out of just about anyone. A greedy kind of curiosity, it put me off. I couldn't figure out why he was so fascinated by all the downtown weirdos, given his upgrown origins. A Harvard grad and son of Broadway producer Arthur Cantor, Max had grown up in the Dakota, friendly with neighbor John Lennon. That's a long way from the drug subculture of the Lower East Side, from which vintage porn he eventually wrote a cover story for the Village Voice about Daniel Rakowitz, the cruel pot dealer who allegedly murdered and dismembered his roommate, Swedish dancer Meekia Beerk. (Rakowitz was acquitted in February 1992 by reason of insanity.)

The story was an unusually creepy one, even for New York's tabloid sensibility. I happened to have been the first journalist to rip off the cops about the murder,



but when I started investigating, I got a foul taste in my mouth. It was too sordid, this crime, like a grotesque everything that was wrong with the neighborhood. Beerk's murder occurred at about the same time as several other notorious deaths around Tompkins Square Park, including that of a homeless man who was burned alive in his tent and a bloody feast I found discharged in the sink of the park bathroom. There were all sorts of rumors circulating—that Rakowitz, who called himself the antichrist, had made soup out of Beerk and served her to the homeless, that he'd booted down her skull, that he'd fed her heart to her cat.

Some say he was killed to cover up the truth about a grisly East Village murder. The reality is more tragic.

But to Max, no tale was too gruesome. He was going to write the Rakowitz story into a best seller, a real-life *American Psycho*. Even more than the murder, he was fascinated by the drug-infused milieu that surrounded the crime, obsessed by his conviction that friends of Rakowitz's were so high or so indifferent that they actually observed or took part in Beerk's dismemberment.

Plenty of people warned Cantor that he was succumbing to the allure of this world, that he was blurring the line between voyeur and participant. He received numerous threatening phone calls from people he was trying to implicate in Beerk's murder. Max's sense that he was nearing the vortex of some great conspiracy was fueled when he learned last August that a distant friend of Rakowitz's had been shot in the back

Sarah Ferguson regularly writes about the Lower East Side.

BOSS
HUGO BOSS

THE SPORTING LIFE: MIKE LUPICA

The Last Pass of Magic Johnson

IT IS LATE-NIGHT CABLE AMERICA. The Lakers are playing the Hawks. On the television screen Vlad Divac, the Lakers center, is leading a pretty terrific fast break. Divac passes the ball over to James Worthy on the wing, and then, in one of those flickering basketball moments that is almost illusion, the ball comes to A. C. Green. Green flashes the play with a big dunk.

The camera finds Magic Johnson on the Lakers bench. He is smiling and waving his arm, watching his retirement from basketball.

My phone rings. It is a friend, the writer William Goldstein, as big a sports fan as I have ever known. "I would go anywhere to watch him play one more game," Goldstein says. I know what he means.

The Hawks call time-out. Magic is onscreen again. Magic Johnson, cheerleader. Cheering harder than anyone, and with good reason. That pass Worthy just made, he knows that pass. It was his pass once, his break, his team. Now those things are lost to him forever. Magic Johnson, basketball player. He is lost to us.

Dressed in street clothes—black suit, black T-shirt—he high-fives the Lakers as they move into a huddle. It is supposed to be a brief, jubiliant moment at the Great Western Forum. On late-night television, it comes across as the beginning of a long sadness.

"I would go anywhere," Goldstein says. "I would pay any amount."

THE LAST TIME I sat for a talk with Magic Johnson, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar had just retired and Pat Riley was L.A.'s coach. The Lakers were in the middle of a long road trip that would take them from Boston to New Jersey to Chicago and then on to

Minneapolis. Magic was moving up on the nine hundredth game of his career.

"I'll be looking to have some fun tonight," he said as we sat in the visitors' locker room at the Brendan Byrne Arena that Saturday night. He certainly didn't disappoint.

During a five-minute stretch in the second half, he took over the game and reminded everybody in New Jersey just who it was they had come to see. There was a set shot, looking as dated as it had over a decade before at Michigan State. There was a cross-over dribble and a finger roll for another basket. There was an improbable running hook in traffic. Magic got fouled and made the free throw. Soon the Lakers were up by fifteen points, and it was no longer a contest.

In the locker room before that game, Magic talked about his plans for the future. He talked about making the transition from basketball uniforms to suits. He dreamed of owning a team someday, he said. He called himself a yuppie and talked about Donald Trump, who was still making high bets.

"You're never gonna get the best of him for long," Magic Johnson told me. "You don't beat Trump head on. He's got that emergence that great ballplayers have. Even if you don't have all the details, you know he's not gonna lose."

He was wrong about Trump, of course. I make no comparison between the two men except to tell you they were, in their own fields, glittering success stories of the '80s. Trump made all that money, made a name for himself. Magic won all those championships and changed the look of his sport forever. He made Lakers basketball the most joyful, spectacular show in all of sports. In



Just like that he is gone, and we are left to wonder if professional basketball can survive his absence

the eyes of a public fascinated by wealth and power beyond all good sense and good taste, he seemed to be living one of those American dream lives: fame and wealth and status as perhaps the most luxurious size of sports.

That all changed one afternoon last November. Just as he had once changed the NBA, Magic changed the way we look at HIV-positive people when he announced that he was one of them. In the days and weeks that followed, we found that the basketball player who had shown such remarkable vision, who made all the right decisions, had made all the wrong ones right after night away from the game. The player who would escape trouble with such ease kept asking a lot as soon as he left the arena. He saw only what everybody else saw in the free glory and money and fun. He missed the consequences of excess, the danger of promiscuity, the life-and-death struggle of AIDS. And like other games of life, he didn't see them until the moment of the victory.

This column is not about the epidemic of AIDS, though, nor about the stupidity of being so promiscuous; it is about the lack of values, spiritual and otherwise, inherent in a lifestyle like the one Magic led. It is about the greatest basketball player who ever lived, about the leads in a great career that we will never get to see.

Looking Magic's future in his living room, I heard him say suddenly—Ray Charles's voice or Updike's words: De Niro's or Meryl Streep's voice. We will never know how he would have run the show in basketball the summer. We will never see that last book, Magic in the middle, Michael Jordan on one wing, Charles Barkley on the other, David Robinson trailing, and the white world watching over what might happen next.

He had beaten Doctor J and the rest for the NBA championship. He had beaten Karl and the Celtics. He had beaten Isiah and the Pistons. He wanted another crack at Michael Jordan.

In the first set, Magic had the greatest basketball career ever. And now it is all about the fight against HIV and AIDS.

IN MARCH 1991, I flew to Canton, Ohio, to watch Larry Bird and Indiana State in the NCAA tournament. Michigan State and Magic were a short drive away in Indianapolis, so I rushed to Market Square Arena and walked in on one of the most extraordinary first sets in the history of American sports.

I walked in on Willie Mays playing baseball. Bird was, no doubt, a tremendously

gifted player. But Magic? You could see right away he was different. He had Ah! in him, and he had a set of Willie Mays.

Sometimes he ran the offense from down line, sometimes from out at the point, and sometimes from the wing. He drove to the basket like a hole gun, made set shots like he was from another time, and raised two fingers after each basket, clapping them to his teammates. At one point, a player named forward Grant blocked one of Magic's shots. Grant put his face close to Johnson's and said something. You thought for a moment that there might be a fight, but Magic just smiled that wonderful smile.

After the game, in the first locker room, he discussed his conversation with Grant. He told me run to be a coach around Magic then and then Magic said, "You laughed. I told him I'll be back— and back and back, so he better be ready to attack, and attack and attack."

I sat down next to him and learned. He had tape runners in his hands, and those big hands seemed to be everywhere. Magic was trying to teach someone.

"We kinda like to attack him," he said. "That's what we call muscle. Live. It doesn't take much for us. If the other team gets a change, we attack. They get called for three seconds, I get to have five. That's my nature."

Just basketball, the Michigan State coach, came over loudly and shouted to Magic, telling him to spend up the routine. In deference to basketball, the reporters got up and moved toward the door. Magic looked devastated.

"Just a couple more questions okay?" he asked. He was on time, but he looked twelve years old. "Well, I guess that's it then," he said sadly and began to get undressed.

Ten days later, Michigan State won the title in one of the most watched college basketball finals of all time. Magic and Magic's State beat Larry Bird and Indiana State in the first of a rivalry rivalry.

I remember an extraordinary game in Phoenix during Magic's rookie NBA season. Spencer Haywood, one of the game's greatest big men, was with the Lakers then. At one night and a half, he had played center and forward in the post. When they announced the starting lineup, he came out onto the floor. Magic came next, and he was bigger than Haywood. I knew that night that the game

Magic had beaten Bird. He had beaten Isiah. He wanted another crack at Michael.

was never going to look the same again. The first time in the NBA, especially in Los Angeles, had been completely unimagined.

A few months later, the Lakers won the first of five NBA titles with Magic Johnson. They made the first of many trips to the NBA finals between the spring of 1980 and the spring of Michael Jordan's second year, putting

the NBA back on the map.

Magic extended Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's career. He gave coach Paul Westhead a championship and Pat Riley fans, and he took Mike Dunleavy to the finals in his rookie year as coach. "Let's face it," Lakers general manager Jerry West said, "Kareem would not look stronger. He made the last basket. He made all of the players look better. Anybody who doesn't know that is just kidding himself." West, himself a basketball coach, proved that to fight back the team. "I've seen them all," he said. "I've seen every great player you want to talk about. No one else ever came close to having Kareem like Kareem Johnson."

Spur has always been a magnet in Indianapolis. For Jack Vladek and then and then and then, and then and then, Magic made it impossible. In his way he was a bigger star than all of them. He did not mind getting close to them, but they were the ones who wanted to be close, so he was Magic's magic. In the '80s, there was no reason to think it would end. People like Magic seemed immortal. The good? Well, the '90s will bring a different story.

Wherever possibilities open up, wherever there is a lot of grace and skill and fate, that sudden explosion of music and light, Magic Johnson had it. He carried it with him every day of his basketball life.

Now in his first game back on the Great Western Forum, he attacked him with his teammates, just like he always had, and he wanted. He watched from the bench, all day. While Magic stepped aside last week with HIV, he learned to share that once belonged to him and now belong to everybody else.

"I love coaches," Magic said one fine spring night in Indianapolis. "I've always loved coaches."

Now late on his Sunday night, he was just part of the crowd. ■



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FISHING: THOMAS MCGUANE

The Bonefish in the Other Room



SITTING UP IN THE PILOTHOUSE, we could see with our own eyes that a serious storm was coming. There wasn't a good picture of it on the Weatherfax printout the day before, but you could see it on the radar, streaming through above Cuba, across Grand Bahama, and now it was on top of us. Chris went forward to the windshield while Phil laid down another hundred feet of chain between us and the anchor. The slight shifts in the boat's position were revealed in the apparent movement of the sandy bottom under deep, clear, pale green tropical water. We were on good holding ground. There wasn't really much to worry about, but it couldn't help the fishing. And there were the compensations of a tropical squall, the superbanged atmosphere of deep, humid wind, the unpredictable tide slipping through the roots of heaving mangroves. It was improving weather.

We were in a remote part of the Bahamas, a long way from even the smallest village. There were so many small cays and deep green cuts that if things should at all, we could get in a lot somewhere and go on looking for fish. Meanwhile, we hung on our anchor, tresses directed at the breaker, low coast covered by spindly pines well spaced in their sandy foresting by inclement sea winds.

We had been to the village for bread from the local bakery. The people were cheerful and smiled quickly. Most had little to do. Their modest gardens were ruled by stingy ratskitt, commercial fishing seemed reduced to supplying a hotel or two. They were scattered along the roads that left the village. Coconut palms bowed over the roadway and as one of my companions said to me, a coconut does not reach a great age here. These pedestrians weren't the first poor natives to roam the luxury horizons of the future.

The boat was owned by my friend Bayard, and as his foresight and wisdom, she was equipped with good electronics, onboard refrigeration, and comfortable places to eat and sleep. And she carried two bonefish skulls in decks. Phil, her captain, also acquired himself

as cook, and the night we ate all the fresh mangrove snappers or the night we had all the crayfish and black beans illustrates the compensations of life on that part of the Atlantic that seems a global drop-off and shelf of various marine life all in one—a burning cross section of the food chain with fishermen briefly at the very top. One could raise the poetry as a nonconsumptive amateur and refuse to fish, but who besides the angler crawls to the hook at daybreak or pushes his fragile craft to the head of the tide to come out on the flood with the creatures that breathe the water?

The weather broke and we began to fish, poking the skulls among the myriad small cays in the fragrance of mangrove blossoms, the ceremony of angling holding our minds on all the proper things. Bayard quips, the active little Bahamian honeycreepers, flitted along the sandy shore. At one small cay we described a frigate/bird rookery, verdaceous black birds, the males with inflated throats. They pushed



off of the benches of massive mangroves and soared with the amazing low-shoulder descent that their immense wings allow, practically at a walk. For a moment, the staff seemed accompanied by angelic ones. Then they dimmed rapidly and sailed away.

We spotted two bonefish waltz back to the mangrove in inches of water. They were such neat fish and their backs were out of the water as they scooped around the bases of the bushes for succorance. Their silvery iridescence was startling. We stopped the staff and watched. They didn't seem to want to come out. I decided to try anyway. I cast the fly into a narrow space between the mangroves and watched the two fish circle on its depression. I moved the fly slightly and the first fish darted forward and took. I sat the hook and the bonefish rushed out of there so fast there was but a brief moment where the small mangrove swept low with the pressure of any fly line, and the fish was all.

I hooked a fish at the edge of a murky grass flat. This was a big fish that swept a shoal of water up my leader with the speed of the line skimming the water. At about a hundred yards into his run, the hook broke. Frenzied, thirty very rare I checked him with my companion and more to myself and tried to strain through the water to the bushes or succorance on the surface for "the nervous water" of approaching shoals. We found one, right on the edge of the mangroves. I hoped if I could hook one here, it would bait for open water. I made a better long cast and it felt the way it was supposed to. Close range and I was satisfied to a good fish. He ran straight at the boat, and I had fly line everywhere as he passed at and not too close, causing it to jump up off the duck as wild coils. Coils of line were around my head, around my shoulders. The fish was about to come to the end of this run. When he did, I felt a strange sensation, my shorts were moving rapidly toward my crotchlike blades. At the point they were right in my crotch, the leader broke with a sharp report. The line had looped the bottom of my back pocket. My companion was leant over the push pole in a paroxysm of shavie laughter. I looked at him. I looked at the open sea, I had no other option. As against wounded male vanity, what a damn, anyone?

I was in that state of mind perhaps not unlike to angling when I was so low in a steep curve of dimensions, and I had a final sense that I was not at the end of a

bonefish as much as of a well-presented fly. But they are an explosive counterhook that grating mid of slack line and getting the fish on the reel can produce humiliating results. Their speed and power are so far out of proportion to their size that a bonefish, once landed, seems to have gone through a magical reduction from the first that burned line off against the shunting drag to the demented hole. Fishes are built in one's hand while grating in moving the fly. With his big, round eyes and modestly sloped, sort of hunched face, the bonefish scarcely looks guilty of the soaring run he just performed. And the better individuals are the more they look like fish, but a little like you that rest around the shoreline. They're almost always moving, and if they rest, they prefer to get in among the mangrove shoals where the heronlike can't get a straight run at them.

These reactions are instantaneous in any thing overhead, and one good way of being big fish is to watch a low-flying commoner cross the flat. Every bonefish snatched by the bird's shadow will explode to a new position and then resume feeding. You dip up where you have seen them move, and perhaps you make a connection, the slow, stopped fly line pumping right to a bright coils of spray.

After a fine meal of natural mussels, leg, protein vegetables, and big, in-season Florida commoners. I am up with my bait, who told me wonderful stories of life in the just-increasing fighting circle in fish while recovering from a rage of malaria, soaring around from his biceps, taking reasons from the history of his hook to the hellish down below as he pulled up the situation, waiting to catch the fly line as the one, he went to Idaho to learn to do while waiting for his place. And I enjoyed his island views. "The Indians are my favorite! They adore their little Pope! They put on their costumes and back every thing in sight!"

I went up on the foredeck and sat next to the window to watch the full moon rise. We were in a small tropical sea topped by means the Atlantic and the Caribbean. The great viceroy west, the Gulf Stream, poured rainwater just beyond my view, regulating

the temperature of the world. When the moon rose up, it appeared as a hard mirror of the universe, while the clouds and weather of planet Earth poured over us. As I thought of all the places and times in my amazing life I had looked to a full moon for even one suggestion I could do something with. I thought about John Cheever saying that man made a better traveler than himself.

Coils of line were around my head, and the fish was about to come to the end of this mess.

And how the mirror of clouds against the face of the moon always makes me nervous and craves motion or goes for the sound of waves breaking on an empty shore. Or how Roger Taylor said a boat was meant to improve your passion for watching the weather, or how Hemingway said, "Always put in the weather."

Weather isolated the northern gale on the Gulf Stream, when we were headed to Cuba in my sleep. Mindful words that built the sea up so that the spreader lights threw all the dark to the waves from the left, and the big greyhounds with their rope blowing off showed us high over the sea and they caught us and knocked us down at gun in the morning. Weather is one of the things that goes on without you, and after a certain amount of being, it is bracing to contemplate the many times as dependent upon you for their existence even if you may thinking ends with the protest.

New the moon those broadly on the tropical sea. I could make out the radio family from the wheelhouse, Bob McHenry, Kenneth Cash, Tommy Wynne, the big girls were out on world airways. I was supremely happy.

I had a good night's sleep. I awake early and watched Phil's reading from the gallery, the staff were already covered in their dorms and secondaries. I passed near my fly box while I was still in bed. Then we went hunting fish. I had a beautiful view of focus fly line, the messages from the moon, and my place in the universe. It was as if the bonefish were in one room, I was in another, and it was just a matter of opening the door in between. And indeed, one nice round fish swimming along where a wasper-filled creek poured onto the flat, came to my fly at the end of a long cast. And I landed him.



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FREE



It all started when Larry and she were sitting next to a couple of friends.

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SMIRNOFF

THE RAW AND THE COOKED: JIM HARRISON

The Last Best Place?

EVEN THE GREATEST THOUGHT may at first appear too diaphanous and flimsy to embed itself in our memories. Lucky for us we have writers to record these thoughts before they fly away like a Delphic warbler on its final trip south (it does not know that the floating nubbin it will land on in the Everglades is the upper lip of an alligator, or that the high season wrens feeding the air conditioners cooling the mansions and mansions of Palm Beach will be a fatal, body-blazing—basically—encounter). Recently, on a long drive to Montana, purportedly *The Last Best Place*, I lost approximately forty-five minutes of great thoughts because the pause switch on my tape recorder had been joggled by unknown forces. Perhaps Sony should recall a Klaxon similar to those that go off on airplanes when the flaps aren't down during takeoff. Suffice it to say, this empty tape, unlike the Dead Sea Scrolls, cannot be re-created, another specific piece of evidence that the Electronic age has souped our amnesia: so that memory herself has gone the way of the alphabet, typewriter, blackjack, and accordion.

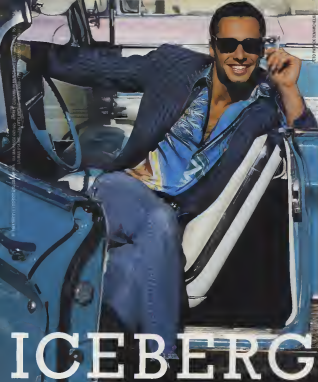
I do recall a single term, which you may find falls a degree or two short of greatness. It centers on the image of dead bodies in the parking lot of a restaurant in Minnesota where the food was so gruesome and humiliating that patrons committed suicide after eating. Further than rating the needle in the eye that is a bad meal, I turned my thoughts to cholesterol, which has now surpassed the Budweiser Clydesdales in the banality sweepstakes. It occurred to me that cholesterol problems are caused, as usual, by the failure of imagination. The highest cholesterol rates center in the upper Midwest, the land of the egg-and-

greasy gibbles, as it is known worldwide to nutritionists. Let if you have a trace of imagination you can take fifteen minutes off from a busy day: enter your own or Farmer Brown's herbhouse, lay down on your back, and arrange a deep halo of straw around your face. Soon enough an obliging hen will perch (just is necessary) there, and you will witness a miracle of nature—a raw degree (chicken body temperature) egg will cast itself out, albeit somewhat grossly, with a pop, then plop on your face. This will deter further egg burges, though a number of Republicans in the Senate, Specter and Hatch among them, may find it stimulating.

On to Montana to do the bookish, whatever that is. I'm not sure it is. *The Last Best Place* the name accorded it by a compendious but eminently readable anthology of the state's writers, overseen by William Kennedy, an eminently readable writer himself. By the same schismata, in terms of population demographics, California is awarded to a forty-thousand-page anthology, a big sprawling book of a disorienting interest. I've been spending a month in Montana nearly every year for twenty-five years, which adds up to two years of sporadic residency and, of course, makes me an unqualified expert on the state. Don't go there if you need a job, and don't bring in any more cows, as the public lands are obviously overgrazed. I don't say the latter as an economy but as a thirteenth-generation farmer. Our government is an environmentalist shambol.

The Montana trip began on the first day of an experiment to human behavior—my own, so far. I *owned* to become a blank, to release the language I know before I was born and





COFFIN CORNER: PETER MAAS

Half a Billion Dollars on the Super Bowl

THE NATION'S HEALTH KICK notwithstanding, our biggest participant sport remains gambling. "Why do we go through this?" I asked a friend last fall as we watched in anguish the New York Giants dissipate a half-time lead over the Washington Redskins.

"It's better than jogging," he said. "It keeps the heart pumping every second."

"Wasting isn't everything," the late Vince Lombardi is supposed to have said, "it's the only thing." (Actually, John Wayne said it first, playing a college coach in a movie called *Tomb Raider* the Way, maybe Lombardi watched more than game films.) But for a bettor, what counts is beating the point spread.

Now, once again, betting on football—which eclipses all other sports gambling—reaches its zenith come Super Bowl Sunday. Just in Nevada, the only place where such action is available, the book handle for that year's event was two million and change. So Bill Martin figures this overall, not counting unaided office pools and even wagers across the country, upwards of a half billion dollars can change hands on this one game alone.

Martin figures pretty good. For twenty-five years, beginning in 1915, it was his line out of Las Vegas upon which all the bets across the country on college and pro games were based.

Martin used to be a bookmaker in Washington, D.C. Then the feds banned him. The case went to the Supreme Court. The constitutional issue was resolving a premises without a warrant. Here's how *passive* surveillance methods were in those days. The FBI employed a spike mike, which, as luck would have it, was driven an eighth of an inch past the window of Martin's office wall.

"What'll you lay it goes your way tomorrow?" one of his clients asked, brandishing a \$100. Since there were nine pantries, Martin quickly gave himself the bookmaker's edge. "Ten to one," he said. As it turned out, the vote was unanimous for Martin, and, ever the professional, he recorded it as a loss on his books.

He then repaired to Vegas, where the moment his line went up on the green chalkboard of the Union Plaza Hotel, the games in the gambling regions of America began to swirl and tremble, spawning hundreds of bookmakers and hundreds

of thousands of bettors into action, all of it, except in Nevada, legal. Now Senator Bill Bradley, in a spirit of righteousness, wants to outlaw them as well. How come Bradley doesn't wrap his hands about all those state lotteries—his own state of New Jersey included—that pick the public's pocket at wonderful odds of around 13 million to one?

The weekly college line is posted on Sunday afternoon with the pro line following later in the day. The firm to get a crack at it is "the smart money," the professional bettor. The rest of us usually aren't able to make a bet until Tuesday or Wednesday. This is to allow the line to settle down to an individual bookmaker can make his own plan-or-money adjustments.

The odds the bookmaker gives you are chosen to tilt. That is, you must risk two for every one you win. The difference is called the juice. The imaginary goal of a line is to create a point spread equally attractive to both sides of a wager, thereby automatically guaranteeing a bookmaker's profit. But in real life, according to Martin, this hardly ever happens, which is why you see spreads on the move right up to kick-off time.

Lots of bettors, especially losers, envision a line maker as a sort of Michael Milken with paid agents scattered on every court and in pro locker rooms to report inside information on injuries and so forth. In fact, Martin operated very much like a regular Wall Street analyst, charting statistical evidence from previous games. And he largely dismissed injury reports because of his *A Star Is Born* theory. He developed a years ago as a bookmaker, when he saw the points plummet on heavily favored Southern Methodist after the team's starting quarterback was hurt in practice. Southern Methodist still won handily in a game that marked the debut of a hitherto unknown quarterback, the legendary Doug Walker.

These days, no longer creating the national line, Martin handicaps for himself. It appears to be quite beneficial. A dapper seventy-three, customarily attired in elegant open-neck shirts and tailored blazers, who also smokes, favors copious quantities of Scotch and a high cholesterol diet, he is the paragon of health, dividing his time between residences in Nevada, New York and Florida.

A while back, I caught up with him on a nostalgic visit to Duke Zenger's, the sporting hangout in D.C. I like Michigan State more twelve at home against Northwestern, "I said. "Northwestern belongs in the Ivy League."

"That's what everyone thinks, but the smart money likes Northwestern," Martin said. "State's overrated and they're looking just this one. Northwestern's not so bad this year."

Well, what can I tell you? Northwestern not only covered the spread, but actually won the game. ■

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Esquire

WHITE PEOPLE

*Nobody knows,
from now on sharing isn't
why we are having all this trouble
with our republic.
—THOMAS McGEAR
Primary care in the South*









Meeting with the Big One
(clockwise from Vice President
Dick Cheney, Dan Quayle, George
P. Bush, Dick Cheney, George
P. Bush, George P. Bush, Robert
M. Gates, Robert M. Gates and
Lee Harvey Oswald in background)

THE QUESTION AT HAND WAS the first Republican TV debate, another special edition of William F. Buckley's *First Line*. The Bush campaign had been dodging Buckley for months with "scheduling problems." In the view of the white men, there was no acceptable schedule for the Veep to begin bleeding onstage.

What if they could not match the flow?

Tell the truth, there were no many things Bush's white men did not want him to do; they were collectively, aggressively content that he wasn't doing anything—except rock-steering. That's how the white men were, as how they wanted to be seen: collective, competent, controlling—in a collegial way, of course, so you couldn't really tell who and what or who was capable of knowing anything. No divisions among them, no individual opinions—just a blank white wall, the brand of Bush Inc. That was the first corporate decision and the overriding rule of the Goe-fits.

The name was the tip-off: It was a play on Goy the Group of Seven—pampered nations and presidents which meet from time to time for phone and to decide what the dollar should be worth, what to do about oil; how the civilized world should fight terrorism; that kind of thing. It was the U.S., Japan, Germany, Britain, France, Italy, maybe Canada was in there, pretty much everybody who could make a car. The message, the group phone, were meant to convey to the world's uneducated that the Free World lay boys, the guys with the rednecked GNFs bulging in their pants, were all agreed on how the game should be played: back to the rules or do without friends.

That was the subject of the Goe-fits in the world of Republican politics. There was supposed to be the big boys, male all and each, all on the bridge of the flag-top Bush, to steer the great white fleet through the coil of public waters back to safe harbor in the White House.

"A formidable high command," said Diamond and Wiesner. "An able leadership team," said the *Newsmakers*.

When it was, was a committee, playing defense.

Greg Fuller, of course, was a Cox Set, and a natural at this. He must have been California state champ at landing. In the Office of the Vice-President, in the Old Executive Office Building (the ONY on the ONY—that's how they called it Bush Inc.), Fuller landed off the public. He landed off the Veep's campaign staff. He landed off the Veep's friends. The press he landed with such efficiency they couldn't get in the damn building! (Bush didn't have a press secretary after Janis Jansen, when Marlin Howerman moved up to help the Gaper. He spoke them at all—went on for minutes of course, Bush didn't mean to say anything. Then again, he was kind, you know, running for President.) Anyway, Fuller was so busy landing off potential under-bosses, people who might tell Bush anything unapproved or unpleasant, that no one could get a call through to Fuller. He was "in a meeting," usually with his staff of fellow leaders all working overtime, protecting the Veep, hanging memos back and forth, going up message slips, having their secretaries check with Fuller's secretaries to make sure the paper flow didn't back up.

Actually, the ONY was set up as a wall of messages, and secretaries to secretaries, all young and prepubescent Republican women in suits or dresses, and pearls or like pearls—one strand, not too

large, like they never took them off after their graduation parties—who were carefully busy picking up the changing phones and adding calls that first lesson were "in a meeting," which would be followed by "in a meeting," "in a meeting," and "in a meeting," and that they barely had time to shake up the phone office to double-check the addresses to which sending photos of George Bush and his newest friends should be sent. (The photos were the major physical product of the ONY) and if they had to be "away from their desks," you could see how they had in much double time in their no-visible start with their security badges waving under their pants, and how the clip-slap-clip-slap of their high-heeled pumps on the hard stone hallway floor or more sounded like archaic rhythmic drumming, with the color-coordinated their pump-based double-slash-swinging sequence routine, and you could envision why these well-made up and well-spoken young women could get so hard-eyed, icy-voiced, if a caller just to mention the occasional citizen who actually possessed the existing ONY and generated up anything by possessing himself? suggested that their bosses had been in meetings, unable to call back, for months, and maybe the best thing would be a meeting—for less—well, you could imagine how disruptive it was to have to stop, to explain that they did not "handle the calendar," and the woman who took care of that was "in a meeting," or "away from her desk," and the caller ought to send a letter—oh, the paper flow!

So, Fuller had the ONY organized efficiently, but that did not take care of Pilgrimage Street, or in the parlance of Bush Inc., GNP. George Bush for President. That was their blocky way, two floors of a run-down office building first set contiguous floors—six and eight, with locked doors on the stairways, so the Republican girls "away from their desks" spent a measurable fraction of their young time waiting for two visiting elevators—no matter. If they were, they would all be pretty and work in the White House. That was the official locus of the Goe-fits. Two of them actually worked there.

Lee Ainsworth was the campaign manager, the Fuller and Fuller for this half of Bush Inc., and as such, the man most responsible for the physical being and appearance of GNP. That's why a locked nature and voice disappointed that it was. This was a matter of style with Lee, who was cheap and happy to have you think he was really just a thousand billion neurons, World Wrestling Federation fan, and encyclopedic. It was a half when it moved into politics, oh, Republican politics, because he happened to grow up in North Carolina, and happened to fall in with the Dixiecrat Strom Thurmond, who happened to change over to the Republican Party when he felt the great need of racial change on his own extent and wanted work, and anyway, who could a boy like Lee do when it was his life to be understood—shown without crying—the heady-eyed, after math back optimism of the newly suburban, newly Republican southern and western Southwestern, which, according to Lee's own college master's thesis, was now the summing wing of the Republican Party and the backbone of the GOP's electoral college lock, which had elevated Ronald Reagan and which, with God in the Heavens should control American politics for the foreseeable forthcoming years? That's what Lee was trying to show you he really was a deep and mysteriously attuned job-worship disciple of the ancient Chinese philosopher and strategist Sun Tzu, and also of the Renaissance Italian Machiavelli, whose books, both and such, he carried with him always, so he could pull those out and read them for five minutes, or ten, if you were away in his office and he had to pick up the phone. [continued on page 10]



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CHARLIE MANSON

SAVES THE
WHALES

The prophet of the Sixties apocalypse still exerts a demonic power over his handy band of followers. And now they've got a new mission...

BY IVAN SOLOTAROFF

IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS, Sharon Tate lies at the foot of a beige couch draped with a large, upside-down American flag, her legs tucked up awkwardly in front of her, wearing only underwear. Her eyes are open and staring at a blood-spattered carpet six inches away, and her lips are pursed unnaturally in the same direction, so that she seems to be smiling against her will. Her left arm, crossed over her breast, covers all but one of five deep cuts wounds to her chest, and she still looks vulnerable after death, even though all the blood in her body has settled to one side and to her forehead, causing that purplish ring-known to viewers as *lovelace*-that makes a corpse so instantly recognizable. There's a razor-thin slash down her left cheek that draws no blood and a dark rip in rope wound twice around her neck that leads across a yard of increasingly bloody carpet to another body, Jay Sebring, lying near a white rag by a fireplace. The blue shirt, black-and-white pinstripe pants, and expensive black boots Sebring wears are coated with blood—so much, it's almost impossible to look at him—and the eye drifts back to the couch, looking for some relief. For the first time, one notices the thin, purple band beneath the rope on Tate's neck, indicating she had been garotted before dying, and that the final position of her body purposely obscures

the fact that she is massively—more than eight inches—pregnant.

In the four months between these murders and the release of Charles Manson and five members of what the media were to call the Family, a German magazine had a mending offer of \$500,000 for those photos and for others even more gruesome: the autopsy shots of Tate's belongings on the morning of August 9, 1969, and the mirror scene Polanski from the following night of Leno and Rosemary LaBianca, stabbed with a boy's and punctured with a carving fork, and finally some nasty scenes from *The Phantom of the Opera* looking as if in the L.A. district attorney's office have been found a more coherent purpose as what Ed Sanders, author of *The Family* calls the postapocalyptic performance art of Stephen Key, an assassin (D.A. and former Manson prosecutor, who exhibits them, along with a slash-by-slash litany, at the parole hearings granted to Manson and to the actual killers done two nights later: Susan "Sally" Atkins, Leslie "Lulu" Van Houten, Patricia "Katie" Krenwinkel, and Charles "Tex" Watson—the former house painter, high hurdler, and four-ball tennisman who reduced 90 percent of the sounds).

"I'm the only one left," Key tells me, "who still knows something about the murders and the Family. These people like to minimize their individual participation, but they can't get away with any detail with me there." None of the Key-two boards Key has appeared before since 1971 has needed more than three hours' deliberation to deny parole, with Manson's hearings (there have been seven thus far) always proving the heaviest. "Manson knows that he will never get out," Key explains "so why pretend he's innocent?"





The Family Home, San Gabriel Valley. (Sandra Good [right], 1980) years later she still stands by her men.



RAG SLOW," Manson writes me, "one word at a time."

His letter arrives some two months after I'd written him two pages of yellow legal paper covered from top to bottom with unpensurable, punctuation-free, unsyntactic sentences, with afterthoughts like "50 years ahead is 50 years behind, because forever you should be behind-up down around it around until you conquer the vortex" thrown in lightening down the margins and across the back of the envelope. It seems at least an first-mailing-like inside-place manuscript from a man who has spent most of his life as just, filled with noise, chaotic, baroque, and religious.

At the days past however with such additional reading, phrases from his letters began to reemerge: "In life as if everyone had the person I was gone but before they see me—as if as though there was faint Death words to money," "I am truly it completely alone it when you are complete alone it complete you are what my words call me," "PUT IN YOUR WORDS that HERBERT does HAVE the LAST WORD." Despite the misgivings and self-doubt, Manson's words and thoughts clearly have their own very powerful significance and conviction, and I soon found myself plowing once again through the small, messy the "The Letters" monster genre: not only questioning the nature of Manson's culpability (which he has denied since his arrest) but feeling personally challenged to enter his world, which I'm beginning to realize is even more alien than I'd imagined. "Face off—in a you I never met so one in the press who wants to know the truth beyond words. Our vocabulary runs in price. New words begin in the Order World—your world can there is dying it as smaller than my world as here."

It's doing, all right, my brother and his followers, choking to death in my and plastic and the fact that the long-awaited meeting of terms with Charles Manson has been locked away since 1969 forbidden by the ruling class the most wrong, gas-puzzling, owners of corporations and oil wells, so that America from its own folk.

THE WORLD OF SANITY," Sandra Good says, "is a hole box. The world of insanity is endless, perfect. Charles Manson is the universal mind," she writes this afternoon.

"He can think through the mind of a shellfish."

Her voice is clear, girlish, and full of a strange, dogmatic calm. She now lives in the vast old house of California's San Joaquin Valley, where the relocated first five-year parole in Vermont that followed six years in federal prison for demanding peace and government leaders the life were de-roying the environment. The still sounds only like what the noise was the childhood daughter of a San Diego rock-belt one can see in various documentaries about the Beecher—the person about whom the decade were wrong-up it carried out her forehead, her head shaved, and a headie smile on her face as she wears a history of commentaries outside the L.A. County courthouse. "You are all dead!" The only difference, now twenty-one years since Manson was released in that courthouse to die in a slight reflection of self-doubt.

WHITE OUT

that escape in it the end of her speech, making them reveal a little the question: "This powerful I want. And he's still out there in the desert, watching, as a witness? Then he's still out there in the South with the Australian business or in the mind of a 'Newspaper biologist'?"

It's a good thing Manson can read now. Like this, because that's no other way for him and Good to see each other. Fulda of Los Angeles because of her past conviction for selling an escape attempt she has moved to a small twenty-five mile from Manson a residence in the brand new, massive security prison in Carson, California. She gives her own food, mostly home by her cycle, and she's the media she talks to me only because I've exposed Manson in *ATWA* (Air, Trees, Water, Animals), an environmental awareness group Manson joined in 1970. It's not the first ecological lobby that Good and Manson have championed. In the early Seventies, Good and Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme were involved with the Institutional Peoples Court of Berkeley (IPCC). "A wave of anarchy," Good charged, who have been silently watching socialism and chaos in the hands and the hands of corporations and industries that in any way harm the air, water, earth, and wildlife. Indeed, Manson himself tells Good to reform me that he was once indicted by a state of ecological catastrophe. "I became aware of Air, Trees, Water, Animals because of Uncle Sam," Manson says. "Gandhi came down from Kentucky because she would see the ATWA dying in the hollow. I was the other dying in the hollow in my. My worst spirit: art man."

My first conversation with Sandra Good ends with an invitation to meet her, provided I first investigate the charges caused by her and sister or Sonoma National Park and call a man in Chico: a white supremacist—who when I call at 4:00 PM sounds as though I've awakened him, and who was on the left in front with questions like "So, you're white? How long is it great because he's a white man?"

I launch the subject of white males with Good when we speak again and all place another name: "We were left to die in prison because we were white, man. And where were your black socialists when we were being the gas chamber in trying to get back from people getting death on the island of Alcatraz from black students go to point the finger in Charlie, as usual at killing children. Pick, pick, pick, pick down the order. Sharon Tate's baby dying? A baby that would grow up to be a first living bombing weapon. Bomb-bombing and de-mor-tying good of that!"

"You're wrong," Manson says, "with the world standing in me at the end of the printing press. Never in history have they done to our people what they do to me."

SITTING POOLSIDE at the Sportsmen's Lodge in North Hollywood's Studio City the next morning is the man most responsible for the world's harsh judgment of Charles Manson. Vince Bugliosi, who successfully prosecuted Manson for seven counts of first-degree murder. If there is anyone who can shed light on Manson's messianic aura, it is the former D.A. who brought Manson into Death Row and then wrote *Helter Skelter*, the best-selling account of the Manson Family.

"When you think of Richard Speck or Jeffrey Dahmer," says Bugliosi, "you think of mercy, and you lose." (continued on page 114)

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

IN PRISON

The California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo

CHARLES "TEC" WATSON: A former Chicagoan, he was helped in 1971 to a large plastic cell in the prison's laundry room after he had been in the prison. He had his first wife, Marie, living with him in the prison. He is married, has three children, and has begun psychotherapy.

The California Women's Prison at Folsom



SUSAN "SQUEAKY" JACKSON (AKA): Born in 1940, she published her memoirs, *Child of God*, in 1971. In 1971, she became the only wife of Donald Lee LaSalle, a member of the Manson Family. Though Manson allegedly raped her during these years, she is a victim of the prison's sexual abuse. LaSalle's memoirs, "I was still out of a body," were the only problem was the headlines every day you could find them. She has also married, in Los Angeles, to her first wife.

FARHANA "KATIE" KLEINBERG (AKA): Like the above, she has long been involved with Manson. Though her name is not on the prison's list of inmates, she was in the prison for a period of time.

LEONAR "LARA" VAN HOUTEN (AKA): Had his conviction for first-degree murder overturned in 1971. He had a wife, and a son, and a daughter. He was in the prison for a period of time.

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AT LARGE



LINDA KASEVICH: The son of the original Manson, she is said to be living somewhere in the desert.



FACT:
FIVE OUT OF FIVE
KIDS WHO KILL
LOVE
SLAYER

Roll over and die, Beethoven

BY MIKE SAGER

KIDS GROWING UP IN AMERICA TODAY are twice as likely as their parents were to be murdered before the age of eighteen, more than three times as likely to commit suicide. Every year, more than 3,500 teenagers die in drug- and alcohol-related traffic accidents. Thousands more are beaten, stabbed, shot, fired upon. Whether they live in the South Chicago neighborhood where a recent study found that one child in four has actually seen a murder victim, or in Sheridan, Arkansas, population 3,200, where in one recent twenty-four-hour period three teenagers committed suicide in unrelated incidents, terror, violence, and death are never far away.

IN RED SMOKE AND CHAOS the demon appears, a spirit in black leather before a field of broken skulls and empty coffins, eyes gleaming, muzzled gun, hair a nimbus of flocculi hellfire. Sweat drips down his tattooed arm, splashes his bass guitar. He steps to the microphone, hooks a fat one center stage. The spots click green. He roars.

"Are you ready to die?"

A scream erupts, pandemonium, the primal roar of an thousand live young men from the Heartland, the alien hordes who head up live shows before shattering to see a concert that won't even advertise (Why bother? None of them read a paper or listen to radio.) Flipped jeans and piercings, burnouts and black spandex coats, cigarettes dangling between pink lips, metal armbands leaving swasty virgin skin, mud runs and jail bars and bedrooms are garish, they are America's future, the face of a band called Slayer.

perched nose, pines to hockey, one that cove arose in a full-moon attack on to take dark communion at the head banger ball.

The head explodes a crushing engagement of chainsaw guitars, guitar bass, primal drums, feedback thundering from atop racks two stories high. The drummer beats from a platform in the rafters. Rapidly, the rhythm guitarists weave a frenetic death tremor with searing solo. Stage right, the lead guitarist glares, takes the stage. There's a hole in the couch of his leather pants. The demon on the bass lunges his head against the air, furrows, down, and up, down, and up, then swivels to figure eight, preening to the beat of the drums, throwing sweat and music from his thick, waxy nose. He rolls his eyes back into his head. The spots click red. He sings, hiccups and finally:

*Propaganda death emblem
Batal to be
Capes wrong through the night
In blood-bred may*

Tom Araya, Dave Lombardo, Kerry King, Jeff Hanneman and (above page) their huge fan.



*Rehearsed with the police
The music for the night
The production values are high
The ending on blood red*

Inside the stage, just past a buffer manned by lawyers, kids are crammed and pressed and smothered behind a clear high wood barricade. Elbow in waistpicks, nose in armpits, nose ringing, heads pounding, heads banging down and up, synapses firing, no dopamine and dopamine, bloodshot and homicidal dreams, fans thrusting toward the stage, index and pointer fingers extended like beams (the sign of the master of darkness: first stage).

The air burns and buzzes and in the middle of the floor of this vast, sound, endless auditorium, something called the music pits begins to swirl. Slender hips and feathered girls—fourteen, sixteen, twenty years old, leopards, tigers, Charlie perfume, half-shaved heads—skip aggressively counter-clockwise, clockwise in the inferno, gathering speed, shoulders cocked, elbows crooked like lightning, grunting, grunting, laughing, crying, howling and screaming like agonized dinosaurs, like pinballs trapped between bumper bumpers. Here and there one or two staff, pants pulled toward the stage on a sea of palms, looking and sweating and sweating like in love, drenched head-on over the barricade, to be carried away by a bonnet.

*Infection push forward
Encircle the front line
Supreme act of strategy
Playing to the crowd
Rehearsed off rehearsal
Take all the time you want
Indication of triumph
The number that is dead*

Away from the mayhem, all along the perimeter of the arena, every first door and exit is guarded by a meat-cup and two parents with flashlights. They patrol the green zone with fearful eyes. On the side, near the entrance, a group of Tunes for Christ urges laughter and benevolence upon dogs and metal heads swinging low over the stage. Later, two very open on movement before will take up hand and armrested on a circle of amphiglyphic boards, looking to make a beat. This is Sacramento, California, but it would be any town that Slayer has seen over the ten-week, fifty-seven-day cross-country tour called *Season in the Abyss*.

At sunset, the night on the horizon of the first hometown of they've had been cause for panic in cities like Tucson, Milwaukee, Grand Rapids, Pittsburgh. Newspapers ran front-page headlines. SLAYER IS BACK! THAT LOGO, AGAIN, RESIDENTS NAME YOUR ALARM BELL. SLAYER BEARS FANGS. INVENTORS COULD HAVE GUARANTEED WERE SCARED, PAIN ENDORSEMENT WERE CALD. In New York, fans tear out our customs and call their contacts. In Philadelphia, they pull down the speedier system and flood the hall. In Hollywood, riders sell out and one hundred thousand riot, one of them is charged with trying to cut over a city with his van.

Everywhere Slayer went, city fathers and mothers stepped police to frontlines, My Lord, what noise! Since the plague of AIDS and crack had raged up in areas like the District, America had been exposed in such a frenetic, confused, afraid, people would groups and clubs. They started going to clubs, making the pledge, curling their appetites. They became religious fanatics.

Slayer, Mike Cummings, new co-managers, is Ben Bink-Binkler, self-helpers, liquid doors, right to left. Hologram wrapping they laid their bodies across every sliver of the way on the highway of life, saying in dense choice. Notes were captured. "Do your own thing" was wrapped for "Just say no." Control Control Control. That was the answer. In a community watching from a health club. *Assess the Land* for super moral of no crime. Drink bubbles moral of hot. Wear a condom, class your eyes never question authority.

At last that's what grown-up America was thinking. The kids, meanwhile, were in their own world, listening to another kind of music. Called heavy metal, speed metal, death metal, thrash, or for some now dead names, the words, death, destruction, doom. The people they adored had names like Black Sabbath, Metallica, Anthrax, Skaia, Testament, Megadeth (reverse, contrary, heavy metal was a new soundtrack of protest, a reaction against the mainstream, a cracked mirror in the haunted house of the modern age). Parents began looking restrooms flooded with teenagers. They barged through bedroom doors, and horrified at the mass blood and Jack Johnson bawled his head against the air.

Slayer, teenagers and experts began their counterattack. A group of political writers led the way, carrying heavy metal for "impulsive, antisocial children in distress of subnormality, rage, and suicide." A group called Rock in Control demanded a ban on heavy metal concerts and said children who listen to death should be "deprogrammed and detained before it's too late." William F. Buckley Jr. called for censorship.

Kids who listen to Slayer, and a Los Angeles psychologist, "are violent and heavy drug users, they have no positive emotions," had a Tennessee psychologist. "The fact is because their philosophy." An eight-year-old boy wrote himself in the head write heavy metal ideas from his own words. A fourteen-year-old girl wrote and then diagnosed her mother to death. Seven, seven, seven, a wordmark, PINK BUNDALE DEATH TUNE on the wall, just a dead rat through the plaster. A teenager pleads guilty to murdering one and using the blood to spray 666 on elementary school walls. Each of the five panel members on a *Mad* magazine show told "Kids Who Kill" name Slayer as their favorite band.

All of which has had a predictable effect on Slayer's popularity. Ten years ago they were playing in high school gym. Five years ago they were on the road in a small van and a GMC. In 1992 the band's new album, *Season in the Abyss*, made *Billboard* magazine's Top-40 pop chart. In July of that year, Slayer came of age. The day of the killing time.

*Spot the crowd support
The spot is on stage
When every is a man
When every is a man
When every is a man
When every is a man
When every is a man
When every is a man*

Back in Sacramento, with "War Ensemble" meaning no fear, deactivating chords, a young drummer pushes his way through the crowd, becoming off bodies like a drunk rotor cutting through a blow. His eyes are bloodshot, one shoe is missing but he is moved to his push forward. His hand new Slayer concert T-shirt. Black white, a white death head (just a head) is awarded. He reaches the center-block wall, looks there a moment, dazed.



Atmosphere: Slayer's stage show is a mix of chaos and order, with a strong emphasis on the band's image and the fans' reaction.

He runs upward, focusing vaguely on the ceiling, the red, scope colored light, the circle, the dot. What's missing through his mind? Maybe a phenomenon: quick cuts like MTV, images colored in his brain. A soldier's arm shot away. Cape bearing a man with bones. A psycho doing this from the back of an attractive blond corpse. An elevator chair. A bathroom door. A front mirror. Burning crabs. George Bush. Soccer. Scandal. Undercover news breaking down a door in a photo. Radio coming for food. A cow blowing in a rice paddy. Promoters smashing windows. Al Sharpton. Elton. Christmas. Applegate. Freddy Krueger. A demon shaking in a fiery cage. Whiskey. Hammer singing. "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Suddenly, the hall goes. His lowest ear, his mouth contains his eyes. He sees, jostles, jost, long, pressing. "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Then he falls his head, once, hard, onto the center-block wall. "Killer choir!" he says.

CHECK THIS ONE OUT, BUDDY," says Tom Araya, waving a piece of fan mail. He sets down the letter, takes a hit off a bong he nipped from a Burt Simpson drinking bottle, free from 7-Eleven when you buy a Big Gulp.

Tom is the demon on the bass, Slayer's leader, home now from the road, catching up on his mail. He sits cross-legged on the mud-colored carpet in his newly acquired stucco ramble, where with baby-blue wire, the same color as his. By Garcia. The house sits atop the vast sprawling suburbs of the San Fernando Valley. This sits off the 100 Freeway in Santa Anita, the street is Avenida, though it really could be any one of six gut-planned, brick plain of animals, reptiles. (Continued on page 67)

THE BROTHER

FROM ANOTHER PLANET

"Basketball is a black man's game," says Larry Bird.

"I just try to fit in."

BY CHARLES P. PIERCE

THIS IS SOME pale stuff out there on the wing. All the other basketball players, Celtics and Pacers alike, have cleared the side, and they have left two of their own all alone. This is the isolation play, an offensive maneuver as simple as milk, yet responsible in large part for the wild and usually success that has overshot professional basketball in the past decade. It is out of this alignment that Michael Jordan is chosen for himself, and it was out of this alignment that Magic Johnson ground up the keyhole on his way to the top post, and it is out of this alignment that Charles Barkley is fired in the both, often on the same play. It is a wonderful set piece—a score and a defense, alone with each other, the center of all focus. It is a perfect moment for both players—the Unwashed of the American game. One-on-one.

Anyway, this is some pale stuff out there. Larry Bird has the ball tucked high and waiving. He is guarded by an Indiana Pacers named Dwyer Schenkel, a blond German with a bushy cut who makes Larry Bird look like Sam Cooke. Bird has Schenkel in a crouching pose, moving the ball just slightly, faking with his fingers. Other Celtics beside the three forward from the bench. Most say fakes, and Schenkel is laughing, imaginary caution thundering behind him around the hoop. His eyes close a bit over his shoulders. Finally, with Schenkel acutely discomfited, Bird dips the ball off the way around his opponent's hip. Schenkel half-turns to help defensively on the man to whom he's sure Bird has just passed the ball. Bird pulls the ball back, looking very much like a dip who's just plucked a white's gold watch from his vest pocket. He throws up that smooth lay ball of a jump shot from just above his right

ear, and it whips through the air. The play drops down and laughter, and even Bird is smiling a little as the two teams head down the court again.

A few days earlier, Connie Hawkins was nominated for the Basketball Hall of Fame, the final vindication of what poet Jim Carroll has written about basketball, "a game where you can correct all your mistakes instantly, and so quickly." Hawkins was a glider and a scorer. A legend in Brooklyn long before he was famous, he fits snugly between Elgin Baylor and Julius Erving on the path of the game that continues upward as (for the moment) Michael Jordan.

Hawkins' best years were wasted in exile on the game's fringe, his immense involvement in the point-shaving investigations of 1951 truncated his college career and put him on an NFLA blacklist until 1954. He will go into the Hall of Fame only because some people saw him do something wonderful and they told the tale. It is a triumph for the game's oral history, for its living tradition. There is a transcendence about Connie Hawkins and about his legend. It rises out of time and place, floating neatly there in the air above all convention and craft.

In large part, of course, this living tradition is an African-American tradition. In reaction to it, basketball's overwhelmingly white establishment assailed the skills of legends like Connie Hawkins, deriding their game as "playground basketball," the result of some amateur, supposing that man to be controlled by (predominantly white) coaches for the greater good. Black players were morally deficient, of course, but they were lacking in the Fundamentals, which virtually always were defined in a way that brought the game back to earth and removed it from the largely black custodians of its living tradition.

(continued on page 104)

Statue of Larry Bird in the Great White Eastbound God of Basketball. He can run, but he can't fly.



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THE PROBLEM

WITH YOU PEOPLE

You scorn us, you imitate us, you blame us, you indulge us, you throw up your hands,
you tell us you have all the answers—now shut up and listen

BY JAKE LAMAR

I'M CONCERNED about the state of white America. It's not just the major problems plaguing the white community that worry me—the breakdown of the white family, the growing white underclass, the rampant social pathology—but the more subtle convolutions of white consciousness. In Caucasian-American habitats across the country from the howling slopes to the boardrooms, from roller parks to yacht clubs, a malaise is festering. The writing is on the wall: the white experience.

Positives are far prevailing about whites and whiteness, but numbness is far felt. For grown-up hearing-what's-around-on "the Negro question" and "the race problem." I've encountered many a white pundit who, when not offering you prescriptions for curing one "black dilemma" or another, has expressed me to serve as a spokesman for my race, to voice the views of sturdy middle-African Americans of varying racial motivation, educational, and religious backgrounds and built from down here a single comprehensive and grand: "black issue." And a not just me. Any time a black cultural figure comes on the four-dimensional live, playwright August Wilson, actor Eddie Murphy, for example—where expert from somewhere to encompass an ice cream and works all the hopes and aspirations of "his people."

So these days, I'm inclined to observe the info on the other side of the racial equation. At times I might address "you" white people, "you people" sometimes "you" might mean "some of you people" or "most of you people, but not necessarily you." At all, how come I haven't heard you stand up and speak out against *Clay A. Rains*? You'll probably find this hard to get used to.

You may not want to face the hard truths of the matter, but America is on the brink of a white-identity meltdown. Your people,

who are accustomed to defining great success of today citizens by the fact that we are not you—that is, somewhere-between the spaces of no America in which the mainstream has been altered beyond recognition.

The notion of the mainstream is crucial to understanding today's white crisis. The desperate yearning to be considered normal, part of some standard Christianized American citizenry runs deep in white consciousness. We witnessed the poignant efforts of young whites striving to conform to the vague tenets of the mainstream, taking unending dull jobs, settling down with the least challenging of spouses, dreaming of the perfect family, prying for an illusory sense of security. The quest for conformity can be fragile with doubt, and doubt is anathema to the mainstream. To realize your consciousness, you must constantly tell yourself what you are not.

This need for reassurance has led in recent years to an obsession with the people whom you mainstreamers consider most unlike you, the authentic underclass. The underclass—your neighbor's even my black neighbor, it's a code word—a handy scapegoat for all your problems. Your mainstreamers may live far beyond your means, piling up thousands of dollars of debt on credit, sleeping on porches and streets. But when it comes time to tally the tale of the country, you because "the pathology of the underclass." And as your less sympathetic colleagues avoid taking responsibility for the mounting peril of your economic brokenness and the profligacy of your selfish operators, you remain blindly in the conviction that all those white others—another code word—problems persist because of anonymous blacks who are "afraid of a hard day's work." And thus there's the story you like to tell about the woman in welfare—the man in black—who used his food stamps to buy alcohol.

Today, things are falling apart for the mainstream. The great economic wealth is concentrated here, the large number of whites who have lost their jobs, debauched on their loans, been forced to seek government handouts. There has been a disturbing increase in white

rage. While whites grow ever more hysterical about "black crime," criminal acts that are not actually Caucasian-American—whoop whoop whoop, if you will—rise on the rise. The specter of white males walking into post offices as colonists and shooting everyone on sight has become almost common. And in America's superpower status, as rapidly as its economy, you have become more voracious in your attacks on socialism, not just the underclass but all the nations who have threatened your world order.

The current social tensions don't help, promising, like all the talk of the end of the Cold War and the victory of market capitalism. Four cities seem unable to keep the peace among themselves—the Superlatives are falling such as it is like animals, the Seven republics are reverting to ancient loyalties, and radical nationalism are popping up all over the place. Come your bloody part, one can't help but wonder: Can you be trusted to run a country in a civilized manner?

YOU PROBABLY THINK none of this has anything to do with you, so let me narrow my focus a bit. As one of the children of the civil-rights movement assigned with integrating society, I've spent a good deal of time among the sort of white people you know. These are the whites who pride themselves on their friendliness and lack of prejudice, the well-intentioned "color blind." Like the rest of white America, they are struggling with poorly-realized who refuse to stay in their place. The color-blind are just more reluctant to white a

Your feelings toward socialism in general and black Americans in particular are more tinged than those of some other mainstreamers. You appropriate the clothes, philosophies, and are of such a cautious, sometimes one of intense interest, more often to make a foolish statement.

You think *Jonathan Demme* is a hip filmmaker because his films are populated on the margins by "innercity" blacks (using the excuse of one people. Perhaps you enjoy the fact that the Rolling Stones, like countless other rock bands, began with black backing singers—on your gas, you believe that proximity to Marxism confers a wallflower. There is a substantial but direct line from Norman Mailer to the late P.F. Sloan, looking "the Negro happen" who lives on the edge of danger to today's white repressors converting down from and falling their own about as absurd attempts at even credibility.

When it comes to an producer by African Americans you lead "the great white dance" at the new black directors' graves to the stretch lines of *NWA* and the Cubes, and dress in the latest neo-city-inspired fashions on sale at your local mall. You like your black bands and bands, as long as we're available in a CD format.

You like reading books and movies about impoverished blacks, probably those written by white journalists who have known jail grime—most often white. You respond to the constant plying of Alex Kladov's best-selling *There Are No Children Here* by



Jonathan Demme on top-side



Norman Mailer in a pro-Vietnam

talk of humanity and grinding poverty and despair, and feel equally edified as you praise the grace of photo journals. Or you slide your hand only as you read the trashy love photographing of Joe Klein and Fran Lebowitz, and ask along with them, "What can be done?" before quickly answering your own question "Not much really." When relations are strained, they are along the lines of "We need to get more blacks into the mainstream." In other words, we should become more like you.

I REMEMBER WELL my first righteous white liberal. It was the fall of 1970, my first day of fourth grade at a racially mixed, lower-middle-class parochial school in the Bronx. My new teacher—I'll call him Mr. Palomino—fancied himself a rebel. He wanted to create an "open" classroom. He at seemed to be my buddy, but there was something strange and creepy about his presence. I'd been taught by two men and one female teacher in the previous three years and had encountered a wide range of Catholic authority figures. But I never met one who looked as we were like Palomino a classed guy. Did this nervous presence were in some sort of unexplained presence?

Mr. Palomino married one day when I put out a scribbled newspaper with sports, comics, and a national news section. Picking me aside, he asked, "Where do you get your ideas?" I would not admit to any information but my opinion in his voice, and a trace of disbelief that I might actually have created the paper on my own. Mr. Palomino seemed amazed that I might be a reasonably bright kid. I knew he was trying to "go through" to me, but he overheard, perceiving me as a much more to keep him out.

"I don't know where I get my ideas," I replied. I could tell Mr. Palomino didn't appreciate my answer. He probed a little harder. I thought and gave some vague answers. Finally the teacher gave up and walked away, clearly disappointed.

The weekend between we resumed his Palomino stopped calling on me in class even if I was the only student raising my hand. It began guiding my homework more harshly and permitting me for minor misgivings like not finishing my milk at lunchtime. Over the years I've often wondered if Mr. Palomino had been a learned hostile toward me when I didn't respond to his questions humbly. Was a child I would's grateful enough?

In the sixth grade, I transferred to the sort of reform school "model classroom" private school whose management resembled Mr. Palomino had tried to create. I went on to Harvard and a job at Time magazine, lived in once-segregated neighborhoods, and along the way met a lot of you who cleave your students' theories, but couldn't keep from being condescendingly over-compassive. I saw that you might be anxious, go out of your way to engage the black women who appear in your after-schoolers on the evening by late line news. "Well hello, Joe! How are you tonight, Joe?" Thank you so much. Joe? I'm not suggesting that this was an an-

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—QUINN TIBBLES 1960

—QUINN TIBBLES 1960



—QUINN TIBBLES 1960

land games. What always troubled was the massive ingratiation in your rooms, a time, an emphasis that indicated that you were congratulating yourselves for knowing the changing rooms' name, and the implication that just should be thankful for such a small country.

YET DEALING WITH the help is often easier for you than knowing what to make of blacks who inhabit the mainstream. After Clarence Thomas was nominated to the Supreme Court last summer, but before the start of his confirmation hearings, a curious argument commenced between your liberal and conservative pundits. The liberals kept demanding the Thomas "monster" where he came from. The conservatives routinely responded that Judge Thomas had "never forgotten where he came from." In this particular debate, political ideology—not to mention actual judicial achievement—became beside the point. The fall was descending handily and the right was saying, "Don't worry, he's harmless."

When Thomas finally took the stand at the first, pre-Asia Hill phase of his confirmation hearings, he not only resembled where he came from, he showed an at-tilt room. In fact, were all he wanted to talk about. Instead of discussing political philosophy, Thomas couldn't help but become choked up about his years from poverty. Instead of defending his actions as chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, Thomas spoke, misty-eyed, about seeing out the window of his office at the EEOC, watching two birds of black crisscross in their way to jail. "There but for the grace of God go I," he remembered thinking. "Some of you who looked at the judge's policies will give Thomas points for that very gratitude."

Perhaps there was something innately appealing to a lot of you about Thomas's identification with John Danaher, the Missouri senator who was usually described as the judge's "patron." When's that something inspirational about the way Danaher was always hovering, speaking for Thomas, singing his praises, defending him against his critics with a paternalistic passion? A political Huck-and-Jay camaraderie.

During the several phases of Thomas's hearings, after the Anita Hill scandal erupted, liberal and conservative whites agreed on one thing: how wonderful it was to see so many black politicians perched across the TV screen. You praised the African Americans who testified for and against Thomas in Hill for being "dignified." In characterizing the witnesses, your media commentators consistently used that favorite adjective of white who are surprised to discover the existence of intelligent black attitudes. Across the political spectrum, you spoke as amazed men about the brave happenings, as if you had stumbled upon some new species of American citizen, the black mainstream. What a pleasant surprise it was to read.

Even your most vociferously high-minded leaders can be befuddled by a face-to-face encounter with a mainstream black. One of us was in 1984, when I was working at Time magazine, I attended a luncheon for your political icon Miami Cosmos. Several cosmopolitan faces around the governor also saw Time magazine during room, where about twenty friends escorted him. We stood in a sort of revolving line as Cosmos shook each journalist's hand and made chitchat. When he got to me, the governor said, "Ah, you must be the softball player."

I had no idea what the governor was talking about. It had been at least six years since I'd touched a softball. As a kid, I'd been a clumsy athlete; as far as I was concerned, one of the best things about adulthood was that it had no gym requirement. "No, that's not me," I told Cosmos.

Cosmos flinched at the governor's enormous eyes. Suddenly, one of the Time reporters had mentioned a softball player to him, and Cosmos had assumed that I, the only African American in the revolving line, had to be the jock. As a nightmare where liberal, Cosmos knew he'd just made a clumsy face you. He stared at me blankly, seemingly at a most uncomfortable loss for words. A white reporter, one who I spent some time with Cosmos before, stepped forward. "Actually, Governor, maybe you were thinking of me. We talked once about basketball."

Cosmos tried to recover. "Yes, of course," he said, acknowledging the reporter's claim by saying he was talking about what a wonderful sport basketball is, how it creates synergy." Cosmos stopped short, wondering perhaps if now he'd really blundered into cultural-victim territory, talking to a black journalist about basketball. The governor muttered something else about synergy before quickly turning away and moving on down the revolving line.

Many know rhetorical conventions and people can be harder to handle.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE probably thinking. Why pick on the liberals? We're on your side. Why make everything racial? We're not the racist!

Strange the way you often consider "racial" and "racist" synonymous terms. When an African American points out the racial attitudes of well-intentioned bourgeois whites, you get riled up and defensive, taking any observation as an accusation of racism. And since whites like you consider yourselves so thoroughly unbiased, surely first of anything so heinous as a racist thought, nothing in your thinking can have a racial aspect at all. This allows you to make any odds against the real racism—David Duke, any-white really questioning anything racial in your own politically safe and apolitical. You suffer from liberal cognitive dissonance. You consider yourself most aware on race issues, yet you cannot acknowledge presupposition you make solely on the basis of race. You routinely refuse to confront the reality of your own racism.

By what can you do? You fall for grand perceptions, policy over all preoccupations. It seems to be part of your nature to allow a comfortable instead of any sweeping reforms, however, I will submit just one leading question. Aren't you all falling just the least, by policy?

Perhaps that's why you embrace every moderate-to-conservative black thinker who comes along—every Shelby Steele, Glenn Loury or Thomas Sowell. It's comforting to be told, by black press, that racial problems are not really your responsibility anymore. Doesn't that lead to modest proposals like do one more not too long ago by eulogizing Charles Kochenheimer? He suggested that the government pay reparations to us for slavery and he does so. And doesn't an emphasis on black "moral decay" and "pathology" make a case for you to justify doing nothing? I wonder whether your "black problem" has less to do with solutions and more to do with solutions. ■

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Setting the Tones

ONE OF OUR many *flavors*—Boring, you say? Not on your life. Sophisticated (think of Cary Grant in *North by Northwest*, the steel-gray suit, the blue-gray tie, the Cary Grant-gray hair) and simple (you already know what colors look good on you—except these). Besides, never again will you have to ask, Does this go?

It goes.



IF YOU'RE NOT SURE WHERE TO BEGIN, START WITH THE OBVIOUS—WHITE.

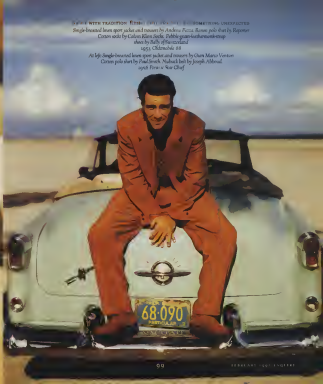
Single-breasted women sport jackets with elastic waist, vest, and trousers, and accessories by Dolce & Gabbana. Leather belt by Joseph Abboud. Leather luggage shoes by Sperry Top-Sider 1950 Series for Cadillac.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVEN WHITE



STAYING WITH TRADITION: REBERTO ORTEGA (1964-1991) WAS SOMETHING UNEXPECTED:
Single-breasted linen sport jacket and trousers by Andrew Fenna. Roman polo shirt by Raposo.
Cotton socks by Calvin Klein. Socks, Pebble-grain-leather-shoulder-strap shoes by Ballo of Switzerland.
1955 Oldsmobile 88

At left: Single-breasted linen sport jacket and trousers by Chas. Martin Venton.
Cotton polo shirt by Paul Smith. Malsack belt by Joseph Abboud.
1958 Ford w/ New Chief





1957 Ford, the most popular car in America
that year. 1957 Ford
1957 Ford, the most popular car in America
that year. 1957 Ford
1957 Ford, the most popular car in America
that year. 1957 Ford
1957 Ford, the most popular car in America
that year. 1957 Ford



FAMILIAR SHADES OF BLUE AND GOLD ARE MORE EFFECTIVE
WITHOUT THE USUAL CONTRAST

Single-breasted brown sport jacket and trousers by Bruce Brooks. Cotton shirt
by Studio 540. 1-Up. Faint. Leather belt by Cole Martin.
1955 Pontiac Wildcat

1955 Oldsmobile. Single-breasted brown sport jacket by Hugo Boss. Trousers shirt and trousers by Bill Robinson.
White cotton belt by Trilobite. Leather lace-up shoes by Sperry Top-Sider
1955 Oldsmobile

FOR MORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 124

Our Lady of the Revolution

Most folks had no clue what they were seeing when they looked at Central America. Strickland would enlighten them. For a price, of course.

FICTION BY ROBERT STONE

A GOVERNMENT MARIQUETA HAD just playing in the lobby of the hotel when Strickland came down to pay off his car. The sound mixer and the cameraman were brothers named Jensen, who Strickland believed had been charged by their government to report on his activities. For this reason, and also for reasons that had to do with Strickland's manner, the brothers Jensen took their leave with unimpaired firmness. He paid them in dollars. As he walked away to avoid the garden lounge, he heard one of them muttering his name over. He did not turn around.

For a moment he stood in the doorway of the garden and watched the declining sun sink into the mountains. Then he saw his colleague Baggio in a private table. Baggio was signaling, perhaps has been, coming with both hands like the leading control man on an aerial camera. He went over to Baggio's table and sat down.

"Hi," he said, "Baggio." He enjoyed saying it. Halfway Baggio was in command of a state. Normally the man reported within an hour of breakfast (this weighted his every gesture).

"I'm in love," he told Strickland.
"You d-d-don't know what love is, Baggio."
"Hi," Baggio told him. "It's you who don't know."
Strickland shook his head with an air of tolerant disgust.
"You really have to do everything that comes your way, don't you? You're like a fucking robot."

The largest Jensen parasite regarded Strickland with an expression of indignant distress. "The earth is rising on new female tones," he explained. "In the so-called New beginnings. And this will make the best poem."

"And the women venture," Strickland said. He looked around for a woman but there were none. "What's the lucky lady I wonder?"
"But you know her, Strickland. She's named Charlotte. Cher-loise."

"Bingo," Strickland said. "Charlotte Something. The little Hen who was up p-peering in New York."
Baggio shrugged and sighed.

"Her eyes are pure."
"I never noticed that," Strickland said. He stood up and went to the bar to buy a beer. The bar was selling Corona Heavy, a Cuban beer, at ten dollars a pop.

"You know, don't you," he asked Baggio, "that pure-eyed little Charlotte is lacking a measure of wit?"
"They're friends," Baggio said.

Strickland burst out laughing. His laughter was loud and mean. Strickland was aware that his laughter descended others. That was fine with him.

"They're friends?" Strickland cried happily. He mimicked Baggio. "Those are some 'They are friends!'"

Baggio appeared bored with his own diction.
"You're misheard," he said after a while. "Temporarily you belong with the comers."

"They're no longer worthy of my attention," Strickland said.
"You're in the comers' mode."

"Puck you," Strickland said. "I'm a man of the Left. What are you on my film?"

"Is it finished?"
"Still, no it's not finished. But I've taken all the footage I need. So I'm short, as you used to say in 'Yankee.' I'm so short I'm almost gone."

Strickland's attention settled on the front pocket of Baggio's yellowing white shirt. With a quick, predatory gesture he removed a laminated card from it before the other could intercept his move.

"From Communist hole," Strickland read from the card. "I suppose you're going around, roving through this."

"And why not?" Baggio demanded. "Since it's mine."
Strickland tossed the card on the table.

"The best thing as far as he knows as a Mason," Baggio said, wearing the card. "The Masons run everything in this revolution. They are the true ruling elite."

As the mariachi orchestra took up a song of the people, a party of Americans entered the garden. Their arrival and vocal merriment startled several to identify them as internationalists. Among them was a tall, dark-haired young woman, whose skin had been turned to the color of honey by the sun. Around her neck was the locket, no one of the national youth movement. The two filmmakers watched her go.

"You know who that is, Baggio? That's Gloria Lora's reserve puppy. She's the backup for Charlotte."

"Bullshit," Baggio said.
"You don't believe me?"

"Always the one stands," Baggio said loudly. He looked away.
"I know the names of the best, Baggio."

Strickland went back to the bar for another beer. When he re-

Robert Stone's Greenwich South, from which this is adapted, will be published in March by Tucker & Paul.



The Care, Feeding, and Potential Destruction of The Bully

By STANLEY BING

BUSINESS PEOPLE LOVE AGRICULTURE, so let's start with this: "Throughout his career, Mr. Hayes, a quiet, unassuming man with a fierce visage and an even fiercer temper, was known as much for his toughness as for his violence." This is from *The New York Times* obit of Woody Hayes, legendary coach of the Ohio State Buckeyes. "During practice he would beat his fans on the helmets and shoulder pads of players who displeased him and would occasionally become so frustrated that he would bang his own watch and cufflinks to the ground," the *Times* says, continuing:

Then, on December 15, 1971, he dragged out one too many in the final minutes of a frustrating 17-19 Ohio State loss in the Gator Bowl. Charlie Bassett of *Cincinnati* accompanied an Ohio State journalist to Hayes' dressing room and found him "fuming. Hayes stepped up and punched him. The next day, using a military term that seemed especially appropriate, Hugh Hefner, the Ohio State athletic director and a former player and current coach under Hayes, announced that the coach had been "relieved of his duties."

"Nobody disputes to last more than I do," said the cheerless quipster after his dismissal. "That's got me into trouble over the years, but it also made a man of me: more confident, shrewd, a pretty good coach."

Management by terror is a time-honored technique because it works. The most ruthless men or women are suddenly seen as managers; people need they reflect all who work under them. Direct whacking at the first, worst, and most common employee complaint, for obvious reasons. While working for a wrong man he pointed in the long run, you don't lose as much skin from your back.

He's Mean, He's Green, He's Always Been on the Scene

WHEN BUSINESS MEN ARE ORGANIZED on the lines and virtues of the Gessen back in the first century, it was quite clear to them that as Rome decayed, so did the quality of its leadership. When Rome was strong and real, Julius was the second Gessen. Rome came up through the reign of Augustus (in which power was bureaucratized and masked the lights of accomplishment and rationality) to Tiberius (less rational, more brutal and arbitrary in the bounds of Roman power began to stretch (out) and talk of losing business week Caligula, about whom the wary business writer, "Horrific colored wild animals for one of

his shows, he found teachers were too expensive and decided to feed them with criminals instead. He paid no attention to the charge sheets, but simply stood in the middle of a colonnade, glared at the prisoners lined up before him, and gave the order: 'Kill every man between that bald head and the other one over there!'"

Kind of sounds like the regeneration of TWA. The rule of power, the respect for the divine right of management, has throughout history produced the destruction of the system but in that manner. As it is today, where badly behavior is encouraged and rewarded on a wide range of business managers. The style itself is applied as inhumanity and as the human nature of the business world as "tough," "no-nonsense," "hard as nails." When you see these words, you know you're dealing with a bully boss and an organization on the verge of decline and eventual destruction.

Loyalty Over All

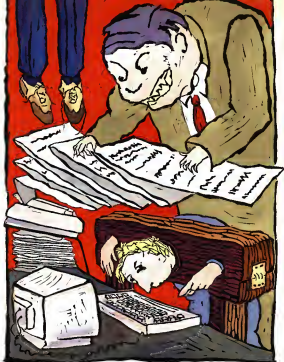
PARAGRAPHS OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL bullies in the history of American business was Harold Gessen, former head of ITT. The organization functioned essentially—for a long time—from his philosophy and style, then suffered an predictable doom.

A guy I'll call Williams was former chief of one of ITT's operating divisions, and he knew Gessen well. "Do it because I tell you to," was often the only basis for his. Williams recalls, "even when it was really counterproductive." Williams joined ITT in the late 1950s, about the same time as his boss.

"Gessen would arrive on my way and immediately call me to his hotel—he wouldn't wait until the office morning," Williams says. "He would say things like 'Don't talk to those crazy bastards of mine at New York, put down his closest NYC advisers, ask me not to report back to them, to keep our business private. I would pass on that a put me in a difficult reporting situation, once I reported directly to those very guys. Gessen would then go through that daily, usually ridiculing the guys who were supposed to be my bosses."

Dividing is stronger is a well worn bully technique. As one manager of a small stockbook publishing company reports of his boss: "He goes to two of us relatives individually and says, 'Come up with an idea.' The one of us ignores the other without our knowing about it. So I go to Epstein down the hall and say, 'You know, I'm re-

This is excerpted from Stanley Bing's forthcoming book *Crusty Bosses*, which will be published by William Morris (P.O.), Inc.



Which Is the Fly and Which Is the Human?

With the release of the film of William S. Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*, cult director David Cronenberg and the novelist address deeply personal questions about frenzies, poisonous snakes, and the horror of sex

By LYNN SNOWDEN

DIED IN RAGS, darkly dressed, William S. Burroughs, a man who shot his wit in the head and waged war against a lifetime of pain, who has walked up every drug imaginable and survived, and who has made a list twice out of despair, can't see the particular afternoon like another moment of a simple millennium busily humming around his head. "I can't read them," grumbles the seventy-seven-year-old author in that distinctively rapid-fire voice, which retains a vestige of his St. Louis roots despite his many years on another planet. The fly swoops down onto Burroughs's glass of cocaine. "Terrific," Burroughs exclaims, stupefied, attempting to buckhead the fly one oblique.

"William, that's my pet fly!" cries David Cronenberg, a man who may live in rags but can reasonably people the doctor who is perhaps best known for his accurate JFK-Godfather from scientist into bag in the left corner of *The Fly*.

"Name, John. I told you not to bother people," Cronenberg commands the fly. "Not everyone has fun."

Not everyone likes your movie-making Franken aquatic over-ropes either, but they're featured prominently in Cronenberg's current film of Burroughs's chilling masterpiece of a novel, *Naked Lunch*. Now that the movie is on the air and Burroughs is out of the hospital after having undergone triple bypass heart surgery, Cronenberg has showed up in Lawrence, Kansas, Burroughs's hometown of the last ten years, to pay his respects to the literary sage. With two exemplars of cool medicine wandering around town in the same area, Lawrence suddenly seems like a haven for drug-crazed refugees escaping the hellzone, the fictional hellzone of Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*.

In the hospital, we are told, "nothing is true, and everything is permitted." In Lawrence, however, not nearly so much is permitted, but if everything I've heard about William Burroughs and David Cronenberg is true, then the last couple of days will surely test my capacity for resolution. Burroughs's books, for example, are phantasmagoria of buggery, love, bloody orgies, talking animals, and vaginal snails. The old guy saving grace himself has been referred to as "a green-skinned reptilian" by no less an authority on authorship than Robert Bly.

"Well, I don't think you'll find him to be that bad," said Cronenberg, the forty-eight-year-old Canadian director who has known Burroughs for seven years. Of course, this is David Cronenberg telling me, the creator of such brutal films as *Scanners* (jacking-up) *Dead Ringers* (incestuous) *Horror* and *Video Nasties* (adult-moviehouse public scene TV), who has might giggled while telling me, "I would like it if you could say that I was the wilderness of animals and."

But with Burroughs and Cronenberg in the same room, he does the same thing, and with so many disgusting, revolting, vicious between them, how's a woman to choose? No, perhaps it is better to simply maintain their revulsion, because if William Burroughs and David Cronenberg are against it, something, then the odds are the rest of us will be a little queasy too.

Revelation No. 1: Shooting Joan

IN 1952 BURGESS WAS LIVING in Mexico City with his wife, Joan, and young son, Billy Jr., after a broken and marginally profitable career against him back in the States had been dropped. One September afternoon, Burroughs and his wife dropped by to see an acquaintance and a few other friends who had gathered to enjoy some drinks. Burroughs was packing a .38-010 automatic. At one point in the festivities, he said to his wife, who was sitting in a chair across the room, "I guess it's about time for our William Tell act." They'd never performed a William Tell act in their lives, but Joan, who was drinking heavily and was deeply emboldened by a heavy amphetamine habit, and who had lived with Burroughs for five years, was game. She placed a highball glass on top of her head. Burroughs, known to be a good shot, was aiming about six feet away. His explanation for missing was not that his aim was off but that the gun shot low. The bullet struck Joan in the head. She died almost immediately.

The judge in Mexico believed the shooting to be accidental, as the whole party present in the room entered that this was the case.

William S. Burroughs (left) and David Cronenberg. The monster of *Revelation No. 1* is the king of animal horror.



day, we're finally onto something that can grow out Crossenbury.

"I have grand thoughts," says Burroughs. "When she tells me that, I had to have it when they did the bypries, but I knew where I was. I knew I was in the hospital having an operation, and there was this guy coming into my life like a guy. When I reached my top they put a pin in with a needle. A spinal. Of course, it ran out and I started screaming."

"I was in a motorcycle accident when I separated my shoulder," says Crossenbury. "They took me into the operating room and got me a shot of Dilaudid."

"Dilaudid," says Burroughs, blushing a bit. "Did a help?"

"I loved it. It was wonderful."

"It helps. I had a shot of Dilaudid up here somewhere," he says, pointing to the top of his shoulder near his neck, from my byprie operation. The said, "This is morphine. And I said 'First!' Burroughs drags out the word on a sigh of bliss. He closes his eyes in an expression of rapt anticipation. "When it is, my dear when it is," I ask Burroughs if the doctors and nurses at the hospital know who he was. "Constantly," he shrugs. "The doctors want to see my chest. Give Mr. Burroughs to check morphine so he won't."

Revelation No. 6: Possession by Demons

There's no question that in one way or another both men are absolutely possessed, but only one of them believes in evil as an actual presence, in fact, in demons themselves. "I would have to say yes, evil exists, definitely," says Burroughs. "The very essence of the whole pattern of possession and exorcism." He's said in the past that he felt that the dark presence that possessed him on the day he shot his wife had never left him. "I asked myself," he goes on, "why do these demons have such necessary to possess, and why are they so reluctant to leave? The answer is that the only way they can get out of hell is a sort of like pain. They possess somebody and they want to hang onto it because then their victim can't let go."

"Do you believe in a literal hell?" asks Crossenbury somewhat incredulously. He is, as he puts it, "not just an atheist, but a total nihilist."

"Certainly," says Burroughs, as if it's the most obvious thing in the world. As to the existence of a literal hell, Burroughs says "There is no demon of hell." Rather in the day he had assumed that pleasure was the absence of pain and that pleasure in morphine was in the absence of the pain of withdrawal.

Revelation No. 7: The Horror of Female Genitalia

MANY INCAUTIOUS ONCE WROTE A FORTH COMING Burroughs in Jonathan Swift because of, among other things, their shared "horror of female genitalia." It was a phrase that naturally came to mind as I watched some of Crossenbury's films. "The interest of the contents of revelation," Crossenbury explains. "The showing not only female genitalia, but the sexualization of male genitalia, of men's and women's, grossly they call, and the trying—our as I had Elliot Wilson (his Dad Roger) say—We are uncomfortable, we have not yet developed an attitude for the bodies of our bodies. It's my attempt to say, What is ugly and what is repulsive?"

Burroughs is looking tired that evening. In fact, he is of about being, it's his habit to come in early. He sits Crossenbury and me out, and as we drive back to Crossenbury's house, we see Burroughs, final and finally, waving from the front porch. In his suite, Crossenbury

commences his defense. "I find the whole idea of revelation quite strange, actually," he says. "I could easily imagine a human spirit where revelation was not a response to anything. It's a specifically human thing. Does your dog have that response?" he asks.

And in which case, Crossenbury wants to know, does he actually show a horror of female genitalia? I point to *Valentine* when James Woods looks on in fear as he grows an enormous vaginal slit in his abdomen. "He seems to like it," Crossenbury laughs. "It's almost like he's proud of it and happy to have it." Both, and then he has a gut in it? Isn't that highly symbolic of a well-known male fear? "Well, I've known some women who thought they had their Tupperware and were just as freaked out as anybody else."

He tells a story from the making of *Valentine*, when Woods is forced to spend days with rubber appliances glued to his chest to attain the previously mentioned onlooker. "And he says to Debbie Harry and says, 'When I first got on that picture, I was in a state. Now I feel like I'm just the bearer of the sin.' And she said, 'Now you know what it feels like.' So I'm forcing him to be the bearer of the sin. Kidding at what he's supposed to be."

Crossenbury is becoming increasingly concerned by the topic. His phallic grow more animated, this chief concern is that he might be seen to affect his life. "If you buy into an autobiographical theme between the filmmakers and a character that he portrays, you must make it impossible for an artist to create characters that are basically not him," pleads Crossenbury. "Martin Scorsese was terrified to meet me! He expected to meet a guy who was like Renfield from *Dracula*, a drinking maniac. Scorsese, he points out, would be disgusted if anyone thought he was Terrell Fields. "I found a hard to believe that the guy who made *Tom Cruise* would be afraid to meet me. And that someone in the business himself could still tell you to the same things that I'm standing and talking about right now."

"What can I say? It's not true that I have a fear of female genitalia. But how can I prove it without getting into very personal stuff? What can we talk about, I mean... in the dark, with women?" He's referring, now not to his penis, in terms, but to himself. How Crossenbury adopts the topical tone of a documentary film you've seen. "Does Crossenbury have this horror of female genitalia or doesn't he?"

If my wife or Crossenbury's film is accurate perhaps we're at risk at the last message. Female genitalia. Oh, the horror!

But supposing that particular revelation is made by only women may be less troubling. Given the proportion of revelations we've discussed. I realize that there's something worse, something in Burroughs's estimation that is even more horrible, the final revelation: humanity just a few hours before, Crossenbury, trying to prompt Burroughs for his female body and, "I once said I had about women. It's not something that is in the script, about how it's a terrible thing that men and women are different species, and they have different views and purposes on earth. I think it's a very interesting proposition."

Burroughs is already on the couch as his doctor was re-estimated, then nervously checked his chest. "Valerie Adams" the woman who shot *Andy Warhol*—in her marriage, grow around to the position that females are almost as bad as males. And that's much closer to my position where it's all a bad idea. Male and female. You know, let's just call the whole thing off. I looked at Crossenbury, whose unbridled expression seemed to indicate that he surprised Burroughs might be onto something.

And perhaps, in some previous, embarrassing way, he may well be. It's a discovery-building march that my risk from misogyny to misanthropy. After all, there's something a little too personal, too name-calling, about having only one gender. How much better, really, to be disgusted by it all.

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The doctor I saw had growing hair about 1/2 inch. I had lost 1/2 inch a day. I was losing 1/2 inch a day. —David Wilson, 38

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